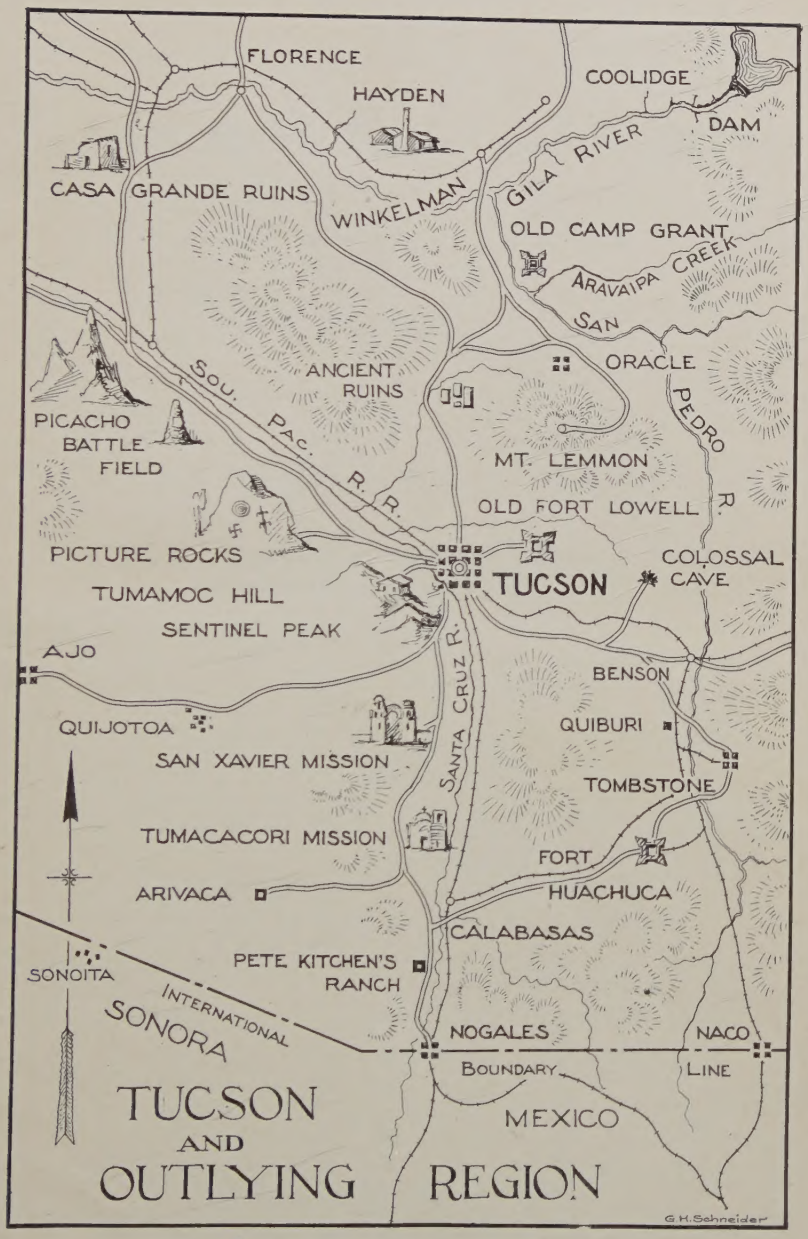
TUCSON
THE OLD PUEBLO

DEAN FRANK C. LOCKWOOD
and
CAPTAIN DONALD W. PAGE



TUCSON AND OUTLYING REGION

Tucson---the Old Pueblo

By Dean Frank C. Lockwood
and
Captain Donald W. Page
one time City Inspector of Buildings, Tucson

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PREFACE

Tucson is one of the American towns that has distinction. It possesses a character all its own. For decades travelers have recognized this fact, and each one in his own way has enjoyed it, pondered over it and sought to explain it. Tucson somehow piques a stranger's curiosity and stirs his imagination. Its starry skies, its perpetual sunshine, the silence and vastness of its surrounding desert and mountains, the incredible purity of its atmosphere, the tender blue of its undimmed heavens—all these no doubt entranced the primitive dwellers of remote times as much as they do the modern inhabitant. But we have much more to wonder at and enjoy than did the denizens of a hundred and fifty years ago; for, now, to the charm of Nature has been added the allurements of antiquity, mystery, tragedy and romance.

It is not likely that anyone will ever be able to give a full and true account of Tucson's past. The "dark backward and abysm" of time has swallowed up forever the details of the human drama enacted by the prehistoric dwellers in this valley. But research and inquiry have enabled us to reconstruct the past in outline and, during some periods, with a good deal of detail. Much can be related with entire confidence, and to this a great deal can be added by intelligent conjecture.

Who that comes under the spell of this old city does not desire to know all about its past? However, citizens and transients alike have found themselves as much confused as fascinated by all that they hear about the early days of Tucson. All sorts of contradictory and colorful stories are told, much to the delight but little to the illumination of the stranger within our gates. Unfortunately, the living **raconteur** is not alone at fault in this matter. Much that gets into print and into books, even, is also wide of the mark or grotesquely unreliable.

It is the purpose of this guide-book to tell as much of the truth about Tucson as can be crowded into these brief pages, and to tell it interestingly and in order. The authors have themselves for years felt to the full the glamour and romance that hangs mist-like over this ancient desert city. It so happens, though, that their training and habits make it necessary for them to seek exactitude as well as picturesqueness and dramatic effect. Their endeavor has been primarily to satisfy themselves by tracing things to their sources, and now having been able to accomplish this in some measure, they think it worth while to give others the results of their studies through this modest book.

We have thought it best to clear our pages of foot-notes and continual references to the authorities upon which we rely. We

desire that the book shall be read with ease and pleasure. We make our statements and draw our conclusions after satisfying our own minds as well as we can, and then leave it to the reader to accept or reject our account as he may see fit. It goes without saying that the authors themselves are not always in agreement upon moot points. The book will be convincing, therefore, just to the degree that our trustworthiness has been established. To this we may add that what we set down here is based upon wide reading, long and diligent inquiry among old settlers, and careful physical surveys of the city and the surrounding region. At the back of the book, too, we list a considerable number of the most important books and documents to which we have had access.

The authors take this opportunity to express their great obligation to Mr. G. H. Schneider for his excellent pictorial map of the region about Tucson, and to Mrs. Luella Haney Russell for her drawing of the walled city of Tucson as she and the authors imagine it may have looked. The authors are also under deep obligation to Dr. J. G. Brown, of the University of Arizona. who made several of the rare photographs included here, and to Miss Winifred Walcutt for her intelligent and sympathetic aid in preparing the manuscript for the press.

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CHAPTER I.

TUCSON, PRE-TRADITIONAL TIMES TO THE FOUNDING OF THE PRESIDIO

By DONALD W. PAGE

As a community, Tucson is old far beyond the power of the imagination to grasp, so old indeed that if we consider its aboriginal origin the present city's beginning may truthfully be said to be lost in the mists of Time. That the locality has been the home of man from the remotest ages there can be little doubt, for in the beginning its strategic and economic value must have instinctively appealed to the first meat-eating humans to wander into the valley, and early man, once he found a place good, was loath to abandon it until forced into the change.

In bygone times, the country hereabouts was far more pleasing than it is today. The hills and valleys were clothed in a riotous semi-tropical vegetation; the stream that we know as the Santa Cruz was a series of broad shallow fens, girt with deep fringes of cool rushes and surrounded by vast expanses of rich wild grasses, the home of countless water fowl and beaver and the drinking place of great herds of deer, antelope and peccary; every need of early man might be satisfied by stretching forth the hand.

As the race rose in the scale of culture, the seed-eaters, too, found Nature lavish in her provision of the fruits of the several grasses, the algarrobo, the sahuaro and the pitahaya, and, responding to man's growing knowledge of husbandry, the rich alluvial bottom lands of the river produced abundant crops of maize, beans, squash and pumpkins, as attested by the innumerable chirpas (or mortar holes) to be seen along the base of the Tucson Mountains. Later on, when the agriculturists, the relatively opulent storers of grain, were attacked by their fiercer neighbors from the north and east, these same mountains provided a haven for the harassed people, whose temporary retreats and fortified positions may still be seen along the eastern slopes and the crest of the range where they sought refuge until such time as the maurauders withdrew from the valley.

Coming down to traditional times, the mists of the ages gradually begin to clear and we are able to catch our first actual glimpse of the hitherto but vaguely visualized inhabitants of the valley, emerging from the earliest crude circular pit-house dwellings, passing through the period of the rectangular type of struc-

ture and developing the great-house or Gila culture, the progenitors perhaps of those sturdy nations that centuries later swept irresistibly southward to build up the mighty empire of the Monteczumas. The Nahua or Aztec civilization of the Valley of Mexico, overthrown by Hernando Cortez in 1521, represented the culmination of seven great waves of migration that rolled down upon Central Mexico from the remote northwest and successively dominated that country. First came the Xochimilcos, then the Chalacas, Tepenecans, Tezcucans, Tlatluicans, Tlascalans, and finally the Mexica or Aztecs, who conquered all who were before them and consolidated the land into the grand Nahua nation.

Briefly, the history of these migrations, as handed down by tradition, substantiated by such hieroglyphic records as the Aubin, Tepechpan, Vatican, Mendocino, Cumarraga and Telleriano-Remense Codex (all that has survived of the wealth of Nahua records), is to the effect that these seven tribes or nations had a common origin in a region lying far to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico and known to all seven as Chicomoztoc, which translated literally signifies the Land of the Seven Caves, standing undoubtedly for the Country of the Seven Nations. Greatest amongst these was Huehuetlapallan, or the Old Red Country, huehuetl in Nahua, meaning old and tlapallan, the place of red earth. Granted that the overwhelming weight of tradition to the effect that Chicomoztoc was located a great distance to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico carries significance, and that it is a proven fact that the Nahuas were wont to name their cities after some outstanding topographical feature to be found in the vicinity, then the conclusions of the brilliant Mexican historian, the late Don Alfredo Chavere, may be accepted as highly reasonable, and Huehuetlapallan identified with the region of the Casa Grande Ruins. If this be the case, then the vicinity of Tucson must also be included in this great birthplace of civilization, for ruins identical with those at Casa Grande have recently been discovered a scant eight miles from the center of the city, tradition naming them (in common with those at Casa Grande) "La Casa de Monteczuma."

With the departure southward of the last wave of migration, there is little doubt that Huehuetlapallan and its dependent cities or provinces entered upon a period of more or less gradual decadence, that terminated finally in the loss not only of all of its past glories but of its very identity as well. How long this period was, and what progress and retrogression in culture occurred, it is impossible to state with anything approaching accuracy. If, however, we accept the date of the Aztecs' departure

from Aztlan (an intermediate abiding place on the route of their migratory movement, probably located on an island in the Laguna de Mexcaltitan, on the coast of Nayarit) as the year 583 A. D., and the time occupied by the last portion of their journey from Huehuetlapallan to the Valley of Mexico as 300 years, it follows that at the same rate of progress they must have departed from their home on the Gila River in the year 58 A. D., and that no less than 1,480 years must have elapsed between this date and the year 1538 when, with the arrival of the first Spaniards known to have penetrated into what we today know as Arizona, the veil of mystery that had hitherto hidden the region began to be drawn aside.

As to the changes in culture that occurred during these fifteen centuries, it is safe to say that the decadence already mentioned as following the departure of the Aztecs was not immediate. The Tlapaltecs (the generic name for the seven nations of Chicomoztoc) may even for a time have progressed, as may be deduced from the great-house ruins at Casa Grande, Tucson and elsewhere in this region, as these structures must perforce have replaced earlier and perhaps cruder types; for it is a physical impossibility for such buildings to have survived the ravages of almost two thousand years. The remnant of the Seven Nations may therefore have prospered for a time and then sunk slowly to the humble estate of ramada (or arbour) dwellers such as the Spaniards found upon their arrival, and such as may be seen today; for, excepting the matter of clothing, the modern Pimas and Papagos are much as they were then.

Entering upon historical times, the year 1538 may be said to mark the beginning of this period of Tucson's history, or more correctly speaking the beginning of the history of the great Southwest; for it was not until one hundred fifty-four years later that the name Tucson first appears in the annals of Spanish discovery and conquest. Before taking up this portion of the tale, however, it may prove interesting to examine briefly the several more or less fantastic claims respecting the city's antiquity that have from time to time been advanced by writers who have endeavored, from the standpoint of Spanish settlement, to make of Tucson the oldest town in the United States. Easily the most ambitious amongst these is one advanced by certain ultra-enthusiasts to the effect that the Valley of the Santa Cruz was settled by Carmelite fathers as early as 1508, and that these ghostly pre-pioneers were the discoverers and (it may be presumed) the original operators of the "lost Spanish mines" of the region, so celebrated in song and story!

"Treasure Land," an encomium of south-central Arizona, published by the Arizona Advancement Company in 1897, says: "According to authentic records, Marcos de Niza and the negro. Estevanico, explored Arizona in 1539, passing through the Santa Cruz Valley and the Gila settlements. He made such a wonderful report of the country, which he swore to, that the question of establishing a settlement in that section was seriously considered, and in 1552 the matter was reported favorably and the settlement ordered established. The proof of this is contained in a stained and time-worn document written on vellum, signed by his Catholic majesty, Charles the First of Spain and Fifth of Germany, the successor of Ferdinand and Isabella, the patrons of Columbus, and countersigned by the Viceroy of Mexico. It was discovered recently among the relics of the ancient mission of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson, and was forwarded for safe keeping to the Librarian at Washington, in whose custody it now is, or ought to be. The date on the vellum is 1552, and, allowing three years for good measure, we can place the date of Tucson's settlement at 1555, at which time San Augustine (Florida) was merely a strip of coast line, and Santa Fe (New Mexico) a prairie-dog village. Attached to the vellum is an interesting account of the founding of Tucson, written in the fair, round hand of Marcos de Niza.

"The town was never afterwards abandoned. It moved along the river, following the most fertile land as it was discovered, and finally located where it now is. For years at a time it was cut off from all official connection with Mexico and lost sight of. The church neglected it and the government ignored it, but the Indians were friendly, and the European settlers, cut off from home and friends, dwelt among them and became almost as they were. When the missionaries, more than a century later, entered the country again, they found many of their own race to welcome and aid them, and this accounts for the easy manner in which the people were converted. It took only three years (1690-3) to establish a chain of prosperous missions along the Santa Cruz Valley, and Father Kino was never able to induce more than a few priests to come to his assistance!"

Roberts, in his "With the Invader," says: "Tueson is an ancient city. Antedating Jamestown and Plymouth, it was visited by Coronado in 1540, lived in by Europeans in 1560, and had its first missionaries in 1581. But long before 1540 there was an Indian village existing on the site of the present city."

In "Arizona as It Is," Hodge writes: "About the year

1560 a permanent settlement was made by the Spanish explorers and Jesuit fathers near where Tucson now is."

Referring to the earliest of the foregoing claims, historians seem to be fairly well agreed that whilst de Solis sighted and sailed along the shores of Yucatan as early as 1506, and Ponce de Leon landed upon the Atlantic coast of Florida in 1513, it was not until six years later, when Cortez disembarked on the island later named San Juan de Ulua, that the Spanish penetration which one hundred seventy-three years later reached the Santa Cruz Valley began. There would seem to exist, therefore, certain weighty difficulties in the way of the settlement of Tucson at least prior to the last date cited, unless indeed we cast back to Martin Deham's planisphere of 1492 and, including Tucson amongst the seven cities said therein to have been founded by the Bishop of Lisbon somewhere west of the Island of Antilla when fleeing before Tarik ibn Zijad and the Moslem invasion that swept over the Peninsula in 711, seek to build up a pre-Columbian civilization therefrom.

Nor do the remaining claims, when subjected to the cold light of historical analysis, present any more convincing proof of their authenticity. The case so painstakingly elaborated from the timeworn old cedula of Charles First would seem to be rudely shattered by a letter which we have before us from the Librarian of the Congressional Library, disclaiming all knowledge of such a document, as well as of any communication from Fr. Marcos de Niza, be it in fair, round or other handwriting. And even though the charter were a fact, in the total absence of any historical confirmation it would not necessarily prove that a settlement was really effected at that time; for the governments of those days, in common with their modern prototypes, were prone to be lavish with favours that cost them nothing and from which there was a sporting chance of realizing a return.

Unfortunately, neither Roberts nor Hodge quote their authority for the statement that Tucson was settled by Europeans in about 1560, and we are therefore forced to the conclusion that either they assumed the correctness of the cedula story or that they were in possession of historical data unknown to us, and in either case there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these authors in the use that they made of their material, whatever that was. As a matter of fact, the first Europeans known to have arrived anywhere near the site of Tucson were Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, Captains Andres Dorantes de Carranza, Alonzo de Castillo y Maldonado,

and the negro slave Estevan, or Estevanico, sole survivors of Pamfilo de Narvaez' ill-fated expedition into Florida, who wandered across the continent between the years 1528 and 1536. But here again there is no evidence to prove that they were at any time closer to Tucson than perhaps the southeast corner of New Mexico. It is true, indeed, that the Adelantado Don Juan de Onate founded the Spanish settlement of Santa Fe in about 1606, and that thereafter there were various explorations undertaken westward from that point, but we can only repeat that there is nothing to indicate that the vicinity of Tucson was visited.

The first definite record of exploration in what was hitherto the terra incognito of modern Southern Arizona occurs in 1538, when the Franciscan fathers Juan de la Asuncion and Pedro Nadal are said to have been dispatched by the Viceroy in search of the fabled Chicomoztoc, the mysterious land of the Seven Caves. Departing from the City of Mexico in January of that year, the two padres proceeded to Culiacan, then the northernmost outpost of Spain in that direction, and from thence they journeyed northwest for some 270 leagues, when further progress was effectually barred by a broad, deep river. Here Fr. Nadad "observed the altitude of the pole, which he found to be 35 degrees", and they retraced their steps, having covered a total distance from the City of Mexico of 700 leagues. Excepting the latitude reached, which is evidently in error, it appears that the padres must have arrived at some point on the Colorado River, and that to them belongs the honor of being the first Spaniards to enter Arizona. The expedition was undertaken with the view of substantiating Cabeza de Vaca's glowing hearsay description of the wonders of the Seven Cities of Cibola, but it appears that the route bore too far to the west, and in consequence nothing but additional hearsay evidence was gathered. In passing, it may be observed that Cabeza de Vaca's tale, as learned from the Indians during the latter part of his eight years' wanderings, was probably no more than a more or less garbled and certainly but imperfectly understood version of the history of the seven nations of Chicomoztoc, tinctured no doubt, by the account of the activities of the Bishop of Lisbon, a legend well known to the Spaniards even before their arrival in Mexico.

The year following, Fr. Marcos de Niza, stationed at the time at Culiacan, was sent forth to try his hand at unravelling the mystery of the Seven Cities, but despite the amplitude of his report there is no real reason to believe that he visited the site of Tucson. On the contrary, a careful analysis of all of the

SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE DESERT
By Frederick Remington—From Old Santa Fe Trail—Crane and Company

evidence makes it appear that he passed considerably to the west of the place both in coming and going, and we are constrained, however regretfully, to exclude him from any participation in the town's early history. The same arguments apply to Francisco Vasquez de Coronado's military expedition of 1540, undertaken on the strength of Fr. Marcos' recital of the wonders seen by him in the golden land of Cibola, as none of the several journals and reports chronicling the movements of the expedition offer anything to warrant the assumption that the place was visited, and we must abide the passing of many more years before we may hope to successfully discuss the arrival of the first Spaniard.

In fact, from Coronado's time no less than one hundred fifty-four years elapsed before we may say that Tucson was visited by other than Indians. During this century and a half there is not one iota of evidence to prove that a single Spaniard (or, for that matter, any other foreigner) was in the region, and as it is during this period that the several earlier dates of settlement are claimed, the fallacy of such contentions is self evident.

In the fullest sense of the word, the first true pioneer of the Santa Cruz Valley was Padre Eusebio Francisco Kune, or Kino, as his name is popularly spelled, and no account of the early days of this region would be complete without however brief a sketch of the life of this truly wonderful man. Born August 10, 1645, at Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, Eusebio Kino received his education at Ola, in the Tyrol. Graduating with high honors, he devoted himself for several years to science, until a severe illness brought him to death's door. In fulfillment of a vow conditional upon his recovery, Kino incorporated the name of San Francisco Xavier (patron saint of the Indies) with his own and, refusing the offer of a professorship of mathematics at the University of Ingolstadt, Bavaria, assumed the habit of the Jesuit Order and sailed for New Spain, where he arrived in 1681. Assigned to mission work in the Californias, he was at his own request transferred to the Pimerias in 1687. Here, from his mission of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, in Northern Sonora, for twenty-four years he journeyed through the length and breadth of Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, traveling untold leagues afoot and alone, through the furnace heat of summer and the biting cold of winter, ofttimes suffering the agonies of thirst and the pangs of hunger, and building for himself a deathless place in the hearts of the simple Indians, whom he gathered into the fold literally by the thousands. Apart

from his wonderful work of conversion, Fr. Kino's greatest contributions to the development of the Southwest were the discovery that the Californias were not an island, as had hitherto been believed, and the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac (not to mention a dozen other missions and churches in Sonora and Arizona). Worn out by hardships and privations, he died at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven years and was buried, according to his wish, at the feet of his patron saint at the mission of Magdelena.

Whilst Fr. Kino penetrated as far north as the Sobaipuri Rancheria of Bac in August-September, 1692, it was not until November, 1694, that it is safe to state that the site of Tucson was visited by a foreigner. In that month the padre passed through the place on his way to the Gila River, where he celebrated mass in the Casa Grande Ruins. In January of 1697 he returned to Bac, bringing with him grain wherewith to sow the fields and cattle to stock the pastures of the mission that he had already visualized at that place, and between November 21 and 27 of the same year, returning to Dolores from Casa Grande (which he reached via the San Pedro River), he records for the first time visiting the rancheria of San Agustin de Oyaut, from where he continued up the river to Bac—but makes no mention of Tucson, although this was the second time that he must have passed through the place.

Finally, in November of 1698, we find that first known mention of Tucson when Fr. Kino and Lieutenant Juan Matheo Manje, journeying from Bac to Oyaut, record passing through the rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson. Whilst it is certain that the padre must have passed the place at least twice before this date, his omitting any mention of it would appear to minimize its importance, even as his frequent references to San Agustin de Oyaut undoubtedly stresses that of the latter place, an inference that has an important bearing upon the location of the first Spanish settlement in the vicinity of Tucson.

From now on the trail, although an increasingly well travelled one, becomes somewhat involved, and to fix clearly in the reader's mind the several places and peoples to whom we shall have occasion to refer a moment's digression may be pardoned to permit of a few words upon the ethnography of the region under discussion, together with a brief geographical sketch of the places most intimately associated with the story of Tucson. Pimeria Alta, as the Spaniards designated all of this region at the time, was bounded on the west by the Mar de California (or

the Gulf of California) and the Rio de los Tizones (the Colorado River), on the north by the Rio de los Apostoles (the Gila River), on the east by the Rio de San Jose de Terrenates (the San Pedro River) and extended southward to about latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes north, where began Pimera Baja.

Speaking broadly, the inhabitants of this region were Pima Indians, who claimed descent from the builders of the Casa Grande Ruins, although by the time of the arrival of the first Spaniards they seem to have forgotten all but the vaguest traditions of the once great Tlapaltec nations. At the time of which we write, they were divided into two major branches, the Pimas proper and the Sobaipuris, the latter dwelling in the valleys of the Rios de Santa Maria and San Jose de Terrenates (or the Santa Cruz and San Pedro rivers, as they were later called). The Papagos formed a third and later branch, their designation, "Long Haired," being adopted to distinguish them from the original Pimas and Sobaipuris who readily accepted the mission life, cutting their hair in imitation (or at the instance) of the padres.

Beginning with the southermost of the Spanish settlements in Arizona to which we will refer, the presidio (or military post) of Tubac was located on the west bank of the Santa Cruz River, at the site of the modern village of the same name, and about 14 leagues to the south of Bac, the Spanish league of that day being the equivalent of 2.6 miles. The Sobaipuri rancheria (or village) of Bac was on or close to what is now the east bank of the river, just southwest of the ruins of the little village of Los Reales and a little more than a mile east of the present mission. San Cosme del Tucson, San Jose de Tucson or San Agustin del Pueblito de Tucson, as it was successively called, was originally another Sobaipuri rancheria, three leagues to the north of Bac on the west bank of the river and at the base of the conical black hill that from time to time has been known as the Sierra de la Frente Negra, Picacho del Sentinela, Sentinel Peak, Warner's Hill and finally as "A" Mountain.

At Tucson proper, that is to say the site of the modern city, it is doubtful whether there was any settlement at the time of Fr. Kino's arrival, although excavations have disclosed abundant evidence of a much earlier civilization. It is interesting to note that aside from the original Sobaipuri name which was probably "Stookzonac," meaning the Place of Dark Springs, which in the first place seems to have been applied to the site of San Cosme because of certain springs that formerly existed at the

base of the hill, the place has been known at various times and to various people as Fruson, Fucson, Lucson, Teuson, Toison, Tuboon, Tubso, Tubson, Tucsson, Tuczon, Teuson, Tugson, Tuguison, Tuison, Tulquson, Tuozon, Tuquison, Tuson and Tuquulson.

San Agustin de Oyaut or Oiaur was a third rancheria located on the east bank of the river and about two leagues north-northwest of San Cosme, where there are still to be seen indications of a flourishing community extending from early pre-historic times down to approximately the Jesuit period. San Agustin de Tucson, which was originally a little Spanish settlement and later the site of the first location of the presidio of the same name, was on a ridge lying about two miles southeast of San Agustin de Oyaut and a quarter of a mile east-northeast of the intersection of the Casa Grande Highway and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, just three miles north-northwest of the city hall, on the old Yuma stage road. With this picture in mind, we may again turn to the Tucson trail, one that was broken by the feet of a migrating nation, explored by the sandals of the padres, widened by the iron shod hoofs of the Conquistadores' chargers and destined later as the Camino Real, the King's Highway, to resound for centuries with the sonorous echoes of the might and majesty of Spain.

The next event of note to occur in the valley was the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac. Padre Kino's plans with respect to his projected mission at that place now being ripe, on April 28, 1700, he laid the foundations of a spacious church and abode for the fathers at the spot already described. The following year Fr. Francisco Gonzalvo was assigned to the new mission, although he does not seem to have been stationed there permanently nor do the buildings appear to have been completed for at least two years more. The opening up of the region by the Spaniards was now well under way. The fields at Bac were planted to European grain, the pastures stocked with horses, cattle, sheep and goats, and many of its thousand-odd inhabitants were housed in adobe dwellings. About April of 1702 several rich mines were discovered near San Cosme del Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, and some time between 1701 and 1706 a church and a dwelling for the padre were built at San Agustin de Oiaur, where also were to be found broad fields of wheat and maize, horses, cattle, sheep and goats.

Development went forward apace, and thirty years later, in 1736, the population of San Agustin had increased to 1,300

SAN XAVIER MISSION NEAR TUCSON

souls and the place was designated as San Xavier's only official visita (or call). Again no mention is made of San Cosme del Tucson, from which it is to be inferred that the place was still of little importance. In November of 1751 a short-lived but fierce Indian outbreak against Spanish authority began, that resulted in the plundering and destruction of the mission of San Xavier, and the burning of several other establishments. Peace was restored in the following year, the missions were repaired and reoccupied and a presidio, garrisoned by fifty soldiers, was established at Tubac for the future protection of the Santa Cruz valley missions and their dependencies. In the ten years following this rebellion, San Cosme's population increased until by the year 1761 it was claimed that there were sufficient people and conveniences to be found there to warrant the founding of another mission.

By 1763, the little Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson had been founded two miles above the Indian rancheria of San Agustin de Oiaur, but immediately after this date the renewed Apache depredations forced both Spaniards and Christianized Indians to abandon both of these places, together with San Cosme and San Xavier, the sole exception being the Jesuit missioner at the latter place. Fr. Alonzo Espinosa, who, despite the ever present menace of the Apaches and the widespread and growing dissatisfaction with the members of his order, remained at his post until the bitter end. Proof of the importance attached to the settlement of San Agustin de Tucson is to be found in the agitation caused by its abandonment. The Governour of the Pimerias, Jose Tienda de Cuervo, and his successor, Juan Claudio de Pineda, were in turn greatly exercised over the matter. An investigation was ordered, and the Padre Visitador Manuel Aguirre and Fr. Espinosa exchanged several letters upon the subject. Suggestions were made and plans formulated looking toward repairing the damage but it all came to naught, as the state of unrest of the Indians upon the one hand, together with the bitter opposition to every proposal of the Jesuits upon the other, combined to erect a barrier that effectually halted for the time being all further development in the valley. The anti-Jesuit movement culminated in the Pimerias in August-September of 1767 with the expulsion of all of the members of the order, and in June of the following year Fr. Francisco Tomas Hermingildo Garces, of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, assumed spiritual charge of the mission of San Xavier and of the surrounding region.

Whilst to Padre Kino and the Jesuits unquestionably belong the honor of the first work of Christianization in the valley, no less credit is due Padre Garces and the Franciscans for their splendid development of this initial effort, which resulted in the true civilization of the region, and as Tucson's founder Fr. Garces' biography is entitled to the place of honor in the city's annals. Fr. Garces was born at Villa de Morata del Conde, in the ancient Kingdom of Aragon, in northern Spain, on April 12, 1738, his parents being Juan Garces and Antonia Maestro. His early education was entrusted to his paternal uncle, Mosen Domingo Garces, curate of the Villa de Morata, under whose tutorage he remained until he reached his fifteenth year. At this early age he sought holy orders, and was sent accordingly to the Franciscan convent at Ciudad de Calatayud to study theology, being graduated at the age of twenty-five, his first act of abnegation being a pilgrimage afoot from Calatayud to Madrid. A brief survey of the life of the Court led him to solicit an assignment in the Indies which, in view of his excellent record, was promptly granted and he was commissioned as a missionary to the Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro, where he arrived in the same year, 1763.

Upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from New Spain in 1767, the padre asked that he be assigned to one of the vacant missions in the District of Sonora. His request was acceded to and, after a stormy passage between San Blas and Guaymas, he arrived at the Presidio de Horcasitas, from where he was ordered to the mission of San Xavier del Bac, reaching his new post on June 30, 1768. His real life's work now began, and for ten years he labored amongst the Indian tribes of Pimeria Alta, who at this period were, oftener than not, either semi-hostile or openly so to the padres and their work of Christianization and civilization. Like Padre Kino, Fr. Garces was a man of ample education, simple, and wonderfully sincere, but above all possessed of a boundless sympathy for and insight into the lives of his humble charges. If Kino was the Christianizer of the valley of the Santa Cruz, Garces was its civilizer and, although it is a little known fact, it is to this humble Franciscan martyr that Tucson owes its beginning as a Spanish settlement.

Ever laboring for further triumphs of the Cross, Padre Garces received his crown of martyrdom at the hands of the Yuma Indians at the newly established mission of Las Purisima Concepcion (close to the site of Fort Yuma) on July 17, 1781, when the Spanish padres, settlers and soldiers at that place and at San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuner, eight leagues down the

THE PRESIDIO AT TUBAC

Colorado River, were massacred. No blame attaches to the padre's memory for this tragedy, the responsibility resting squarely upon the high-handed policy adopted by the military authorities, against which Fr. Garces protested in vain. That his death was lamented by even the Yumas is attested by their giving his remains decent burial and heaping his grave with flowers. A punitive expedition sent against the murderers removed the padre's body to San Pedro de Tubutama, where it was reinterred with all of the honors due a fallen Soldier of the Cross, and thus passed Tucson's founder.

In the nine months intervening between the expulsion of the Jesuits and Fr. Garces' arrival, San Xavier, San Cosme and San Agustin were again plundered by the Apaches, and the padre was barely installed when in August a third raid was made, the fiercest of them all. Fortunately for him, a mild stroke of apoplexy confined him to the mission of Guevavi at the time or worse might well have befallen, as the native governour of San Xavier and a number of the mission Indians were killed, and two Spanish soldiers were captured and dragged off into the mountains to be tortured. As we have seen, all three of these places had been abandoned by this time and in the course of the several raids the beginnings of civilization, such as the church at San Agustin, the houses, fields and young orchards were destroyed, the mission at San Xavier being the sole survivor of the savages' fury. The crisis was now passed, however, and under Fr. Garces' able and sympathetic administration the outposts of the Cross were again pushed northward, recouping the territory lost in the Jesuit debacle. A few Spaniards began again to find their way to the fertile fields of Bac and San Agustin, but the greatest stimulus of all to the pacification and settlement of the vicinity of Tucson was due to two noteworthy occurrences that now took place. The first of these was the expedition undertaken by Lieutenant Colonel Juan Bautista Anza in 1775, whose mission was the founding of the new presidio at San Francisco, in Alta California, and the second was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac to San Agustin de Tucson.

The story of Colonel Anza's expedition is a fascinating one in itself, but as our present interest is confined to its bearing upon the history of Tucson, we must confine ourselves to watching its progress for one day only, October 26, 1775, the date upon which the column reached the site of the future city. The expedition was composed of Colonel Anza, Commandante of the Presidio de Tubac, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Moraga, Padre

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Pedro Font, the Chaplain, Padres Garces and Tomas Eixarch (who were to go only as far as the Colorado River), the purveyor, Mariano Vidal, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, 38 soldiers (of whom 23 were Spaniards, 7 mulattoes, 6 mestizos and 2 Indians), 20 muleteers, 3 herders, 3 Indian interpreters, 4 Indian servants belonging to Padres Garces and Eixarch, 165 settlers and their families (including 29 women, the wives of soldiers), 695 horses and mules and 355 head of cattle.

On the day we speak of, Padre Font having said early mass at San Xavier (where the column arrived the preceding afternoon) and breakfast being dispatched, at half past eight Colonel Anza gave the order to mount, "Vayan montando!", and the command was under way, the padres intoning an Alabado, or hymn of praise, in which all joined as they marched. First came the advance guard, composed of four mounted soldiers: Colonel Anza followed with his personal escort of ten veterans from the garrison at Tubac; the padres and their servants were next in the line of march; the settlers and the families, with a strong guard, made up the main body of the column, and Lieutenant Moraga and the balance of the soldiers formed the rear guard. The baggage train, spare mounts and cattle, under guard, marched some distance to the rear because of the dust raised.

The column followed the east bank of the Santa Cruz River as far as San Cosme, their progress being not above two miles per hour, for whilst no midday halt was made it was one o'clock before camp was made a league to the north of the pueblo de Tucson (otherwise known as San Cosme del Tucson and later as San Jose). The spot selected for a camp site was on the western bank of a shallow lagoon formed by a broadening of the river, the place being later known as El Vado del Sauce and its ancient bed still being visible a quarter of a mile west of the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, on the Vado del Sauce Road.

The camp was an imposing affair for those days, and must fairly have awed the simple Indians. A large bell tent housed the Colonel and served as headquarters of the expedition. Another was set aside for Padre Font, whilst Frays Garces and Exiarch shared a third. Lieutenant Moraga was assigned a tent somewhat smaller than that of the Colonel's, and nine others covered the families of the settlers. The soldiers and camp servants slept in the open, wrapped in their cloaks and zarapes. A field altar was set up under a little ramada, where

mass was said at eventide and in the early morning, before commencing the day's march. The expedition, of a strength and armament unseen since the days of Coronado, must have created a deep impression on both hostile and pacific Indians, and peace (even though of a temporary nature) followed in its wake. So impressed indeed do the local natives seem to have been that in their eyes the very camp site became a place of virtue, where a small settlement sprang up that survived until fairly recent years.

Padre Garces returned from the Colorado in September of 1776, and at about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, he effected the first regular Spanish settlement recorded in the immediate vicinity of what is today Tucson. At a point about 300 yards northwest of the El Paso & Southwestern stockyards he established a hacienda or ranch, known in earlier days as El Rancho de Tucson and remembered today by a few of the very old timers as El Ranchode los Padres. The place consisted of an adobe dwelling and "tienda de raya" or time keeper's office, where the laborers were paid, that measured about 24x30 feet, a somewhat smaller building located 75 yards to the south thereof and occupied by a guard of three or four soldiers, a tanning vat, a little soap factory and a few other similar simple industries, the whole being surrounded by a stockade formed of hewn mesquite logs that were about 10 inches square and 6 feet high. The object of this hacienda was the dual one of reaping the harvests from the rich river bottom lands of the vicinity and of educating the Indians in the ways of civilization, and a little village of Sobaipuris, Pimas and Papagos sprang up just east of the stockade that has survived to this day in Papagoville.

Still a third circumstance now occurred that materially assisted in the settling of the locality. For some time past there had been growing dissatisfaction amongst the settlers at Santa Cruz del Cuervo (or del Jaibanipitca), on the San Pedro River, due in part to the unhealthfulness of the locality and in part to its situation, exposed as it was to the unopposed attacks of the Indians from the north and the east, and it was resolved to abandon the place. It appears that many of the colonists, accompanied by their Indian retainers, moved west to the Santa Cruz valley, where a number of these settled at San Agustin, which, as we have seen, had been abandoned in 1763. Here with the help of their Indians, they built adobe houses and a church, which was dedicated to the patron saint of the place, and about a mile due west, and a hundred feet or so east of the Silverbell Road, another ecclesiastical establishment similar to

El Rancho de Tucson was founded, this place being recalled today as La Casa del Padre.

Greatly as these events aided in the reclamation of the region, the deciding factor was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac. The "Reglamento e Instrucciones para los Presidios" of 1772 provided, amongst other matters, for the transfer of the post established at Tubac in 1752 to the pueblo of Tucson, but this had not been accomplished up to 1776. In the preceding year however, Inspector General Hugo Oconer arrived at Tubac on a tour of inspection of the frontier posts, and the transfer was effected shortly thereafter, probably either under the General's personal supervision or under that of the Marquis de la Croix. However that may have been, it is certain that the new post was established between July 1776, and November 1777.

The site selected for the new presidio was naturally the again important Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson, which accounts for the name Presidio de San Agustin de Tucson. Here may still be seen a portion of one of the original buildings, the well, the remains of the foundations of the stable or the barracks, and, up to a few years ago, the original acequia or irrigation ditch that watered the fields and the represo or dam for the storage of a reserve supply of water, together with many other evidences of the Spanish occupation. There is nothing to indicate that San Agustin was defended by walls, as was Tucson in later years, but this is not surprising as the new post was no doubt more or less a replica of the old one at Tubac, which was a haphazard collection of buildings located on a slight elevation overlooking the river, the strong point being the combined residence of the Commandante and the barracks, the fields lying below and to the east of the settlement. The major topographical features of the two places are almost identical, except that where Tubac was on the west bank of the Santa Cruz the new post was located on the eastern side of the stream.

In the course of three quarters of a century, the Pimas had come to look upon the mission of San Xavier del Bac as peculiarly their own, and when the present building was begun (probably just prior to 1778) they refused the Indians of San Agustin (amongst whom were counted many of the Jacomes from Santa Cruz) and those of Tucson all participation in the benefits to be derived from the new establishment. To this the latter objected, claiming not unjustly that if they must pay the mission tithes they were entitled to representation, and to this end they petitioned Padre Garces for a mission of their

own. The padre was doubtless only too glad to acquiesce, and the site of the original rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson was selected, the new mission being called San Jose del Tucson. This location was no doubt selected both because of the richness of the land and of the progress already made in the vicinity by the Indians affected and with the view to establishing a half-way post between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The new mission was designed as a somewhat elaborate industrial school, and seems in part to have been a development of the more modest beginning made at the Rancho de Tucson. The church, which measures about 20x35 feet, was of brick, the roof was vaulted and it was plastered inside and out, the inner walls being covered with mural frescos similar to those at San Xavier and the outer walls painted a rich vermillion. The main doorway faced to the south and a side entrance opened into the southeast corner of the building. The main altar was at the northern end of the atrium and was raised three steps above the floor thereof, which was of large unglazed bricks. There were several oil paintings on canvas of scenes from the lives of the saints, and these were represented by a number of figures, amongst which were to be found San Jose, San Agustin, the Virgin and the Savior. There were candlesticks, platters, an incense burner and a chalis, all of virgin silver from the mines of Tumacacori, and hung in arched openings in a superstructure reared above the front wall of the building were three bells cast of copper mined in the Guachapa Mountains (the Santa Rita range).

Some 20 feet east of the church was the dwelling of the padres, an adobe building that was enlarged and added to until it grew into the two-story structure the ruins of which are to be still seen on the west bank of the river. The main entrance was to the west, whilst other doors gave access to the interior of the building from the north and from the south. Along the northern side of the structure ran a covered corridor, the supporting arches of which looked out upon a little garden. At the western end of this corridor was a small room, not above 15 feet square, known as the Capilla de Nuestro Senor de Esquipula. There was a window in the north wall of this chapel and in an arched recess in the thickness of the western wall the Crucifix of Our Savior of Esquipula reposed upon an adobe altar. The floors were of the same large unglazed bricks as were those of the church, and the roof was supported by hewn mesquite rafters, whitewashed (as were the walls) and adorned with a red scroll work design. The doors and shutters were of heavy mesquite

planks, and the windows were protected by turned wooden bars. At a later date, when the second story was added, the original roof of ocotillo stems covered with earth was replaced by the same type of bricks of which the floors were laid, covered with a thick coat of smooth mortar, an adobe stairway was built and a low turret added at the northwest corner of the building.

A few feet north of and in line with the western face of this dwelling was a small kitchen; a large granary was located opposite and about 150 feet west of the church; and several auxiliary buildings, all of adobe, were scattered to the north and west of the two principal structures, such as dwellings for the mission servants, a tannary with a mortar-lined vat, a carpenter shop, a smithy, a soap and candle factory, and buildings wherein spinning, weaving and other simple trades were taught.

There were two cemeteries, a small one adjoining the church on the west wherein the Spaniards, the "gente de razon," were interred, and a larger one that extended across the mission enclosure adjacent to the northern wall, which was reserved for the Christian Indians. The establishment was surrounded by a stout adobe wall, 18 inches in thickness and about 10 feet in height, that measured some 400 feet on the side. The main gate faced south and was located between the church and the padre's dwelling, access to the interior of the enclosure being through the lane formed between these buildings. The gate itself was of heavy mesquite timbers, iron-strapped and studded and across the top, from gate-post to gate-post, extended a heavy beam. The gateway gave upon a road that later came to be called El Camino de la Mision, but which at the time that the mission was founded was a part of the highway between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The Indian village, wherein dwelt the Indian neophytes, was located to the south of the mission enclosure and just across the Camino de la Mision. Here were a few adobe dwellings and a considerable number of ramadas or brush wickiups, and a hundred yards or so to the west was the mission orchard, which was another walled enclosure of about the same size as the mission, with an adobe house in the center of the eastern wall. About 125 feet north of the center of the mission's northern wall was the padre's brick kiln, where the first bricks to be made in Tucson were burned. Here, in a little adobe building, was posted a guard of three or four soldiers, a similar detachment being stationed a little to the south of the Indian village, whilst as we have said a third picket of like strength was quartered at

the Rancho de Tucson, about half a mile southeast and across the river.

Unfortunately, before the mission was completed, and probably just prior to 1786 (when a twenty years' peace began), serious dissatisfaction arose amongst the Indians engaged upon the work, which resulted in a part of these attacking the padres and the pacific neophytes, driving off most of the stock and cattle and joining the Apaches (who were more or less continuously on the war-path), so that one thing with another it began to go hard both with the new mission of San Jose and with the older establishment at Bac. The few soldiers forming the guards at the two missions were barely able to withstand the Indians' attacks, and the troops at San Agustin, two leagues to the north of San Jose and five leagues from San Xavier, were too far away to lend aid in the sudden emergencies that now arose with increasing frequency. Nor must it be supposed that time hung heavily upon the latter's hands. The total strength of command consisted of the Commandante, perhaps an alferez or ensign and seventy-five men, including four or five sergeants and corporals. This force was reduced by small detachments stationed at Tubac, San Xavier, San Jose, a half-way post located between the two latter places, the Rancho de Tucson and such escorts and patrols as it was necessary to send out from time to time, so that the effective strength at the Presidio cannot have been much above thirty or forty men, not an excessive force with which to hold the frontier!

The padres made the strongest of representations to the Governour, pointing out the dangers to which the missions were exposed and their relatively greater importance than that of the little settlement at San Agustin, and prayed that the presidio be transferred to some spot closer at hand, where not only would the troops be available to repel the Indians' raids but a greater concentration of forces might be accomplished. There is no reason to suppose that their plea met with any amount of opposition, for not only were the facts in the case clear but as early as November of 1777 certain of the settlers at the new post had urged that it be returned to Tubac, its location at San Agustin being considered entirely too isolated for safety. The upshot of the matter was that the Governour ordered the Commandante to select a new location that would permit the presidio to afford adequate protection to the missions. To have gone south of San Jose would have left that establishment in as bad a plight as it was then in, so the logical decision was to pitch upon the most strategic position to be found in the im-

mediate vicinity. The result was the selection of the spot where the Presidio de San Agustin de Tucson was finally established, for when the post was transferred to its ultimate location the name was brought along as well.

The site determined upon was as good a one as could be found anywhere in the vicinity. It was on high ground, less than three-quarters of a mile northeast of the mission of San Jose, which it overlooked, and was protected on the north and east by the deep Arroyo de Tucson and on the south by a series of smaller arroyos. Water could be brought by acequia from a short distance up the river, and barely a mile to the west were several hills that offered ideal lookout posts from which ample warning could be given of the approach of an enemy from any direction. Despite these strategic advantages, the reader may well wonder why the presidio was not established at the mission itself, as such an arrangement would appear to have been the ideal one from every point of view. The reason why this was not done is to be found in the padres' inflexible objection to the quartering of troops in the same settlement with native neophytes, their claim being that the morals and the example set by the former were such that the Indian apostates outnumbered the converts whenever this experiment was tried. Another reason (although not the official one) was the clash of authority that invariably resulted between the fathers and the military authorities whenever the two found themselves thrown together for any extended period of time.

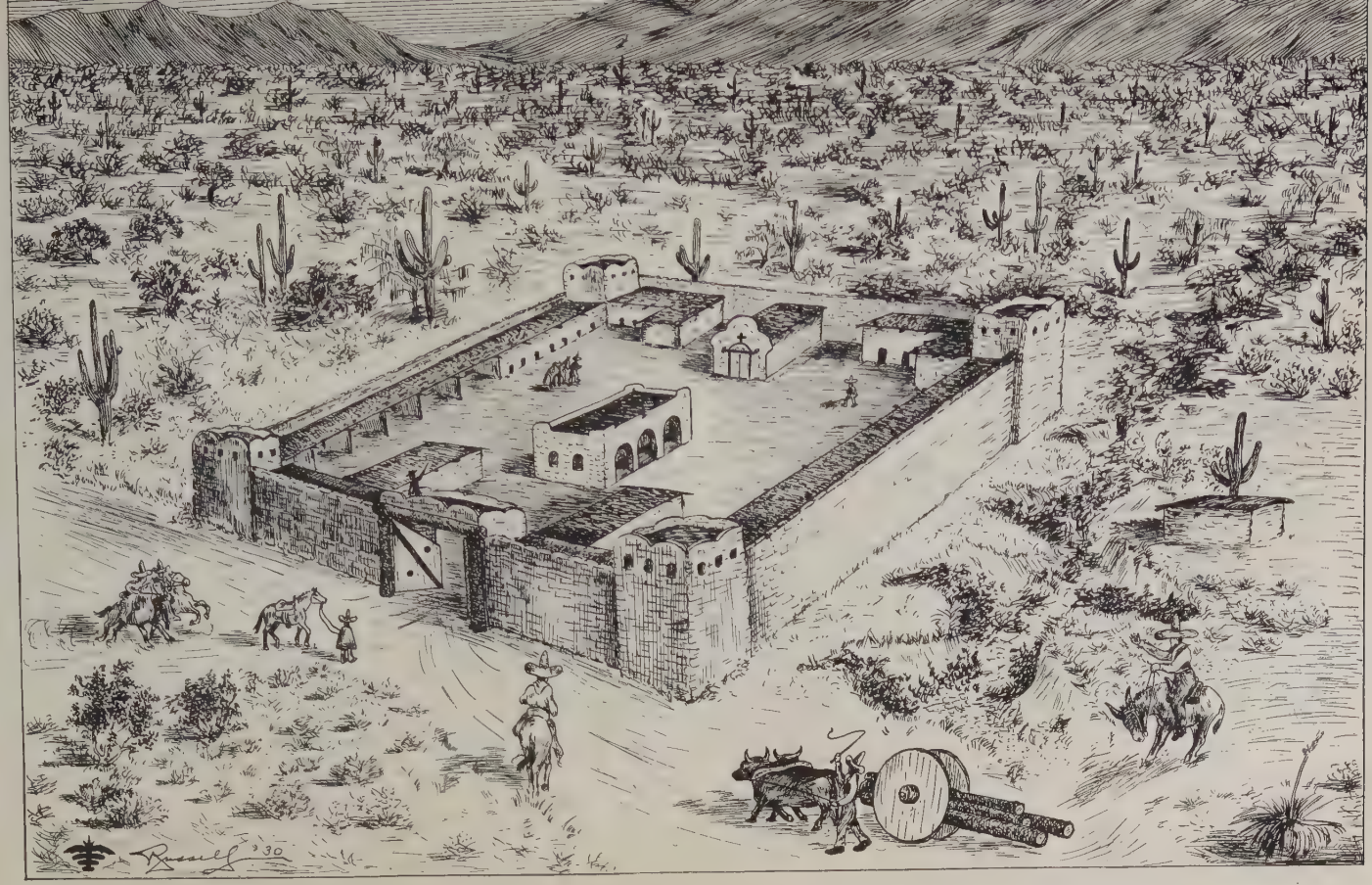
The new presidio was a much more formal affair than either the Tubac or the San Agustin establishments, and seems to have been modelled upon the general lines of the post founded by Colonel Anza at San Francisco. In relation to the present city, it was roughly bounded by what are now Washington, Council, Church, Calle del Arroyo or Pennington and Calle Real or Main Streets, and consisted of an outer wall built of 3½x11 inch adobes, 22 inches thick and 12 feet high, in the form of a rough square measuring approximately 750 feet on each side. Two torreons or low towers, the walls of the second stories pierced with loop-holes and the roofs crowned with parapets, flanked the approaches from the northeast and the southwest corners of the enclosure. At a height of 8 feet from the ground a platform or firing step was built about the inner perimeter of the wall, the remaining 4 feet forming the parapet. This platform, which was 12 feet in width and sloped slightly toward the inside, was of earth packed upon layers of ocotillo stems that were supported by rough mesquite rafters, and formed

the roof of a continuous line of barracks and dwellings, stables and store rooms, the inner partition walls of which were also of adobe. The rooms were windowless, and the doorways were indifferently closed either by ocotillo stems laced together and hung on rawhide thongs or by simple rawhide curtains. Here and there rude ramadas, or brush arbours, afforded a little additional room, and under these the soldiers did all of their cooking and most of their living.

The house of the Commandante was located about 150 feet east of the gateway and faced south on what is now Alameda Street. This was a more pretentious affair, as was only meet, for, aside from its importance as the administrative and social center of the military district, it was the keep, or last line of defense in case the enemy penetrated the outer wall of the fort. The walls were of adobe, thick and plastered inside and out. The floor was of unglazed brick and the roof of earth and ocotillo, surrounded by a low parapet. Doors and shutters were of thick mesquite planks, iron studded and loopholed, and from a short flagstaff above the main doorway floated the standard of Spain, the raguled and arms tipped cross of the Spanish Bourbons. The gateway of the Presidio was in the center of the western wall, about 10 feet east of the eastern property line on Main Street and approximately in the center of Alameda Street. It consisted of two great mesquite gateposts, jointed at the top by a heavy transverse beam, and hung from the former by immense iron hinges of crude manufacture were the massive double gates, 5 feet in width and 8 in height, iron banded and studded and secured by a great lock, reinforced by a stout iron crossbar.

As I have stated, the garrison was normally composed of two or, at most, three officers, and seventy-five non-commissioned officers and men, the famous "soldados de cuero" (leathern soldiers) of the frontier, so called from their defensive armour which, aside from steel morion and target, consisted of a long skirted sleeveless jerkin made of several thicknesses of well tanned deer hide, and heavy horsehide jack-boots that reached to halfway between the knee and thigh. Their offensive arms were the broadsword and dirk or dagger, common to both infantry and cavalry, the arquebus and carbine and light lance. They were a hard-bitten lot, the padres were quite right. Nominally stout Catholics all, their religion at no time interfered with the riotous pursuit of pleasure in whatever form it might come to hand, and they drank, swore, fought, gambled and caroused whenever and wherever the opportunity offered. But

when we stop to consider that this rude soldiery was almost daily in contact with a cruel and treacherous enemy, under campaigning conditions that would fairly appall the professional soldier of today, and all for a few maravedi, it is no wonder that they sought the readiest anodyne with which to induce forgetfulness of their lot. Withal, they were a brave and hardy race, these frontiersmen of old Spain.



TUCSON AS A WALLED CITY

Drawing by Mrs. Luella Haney Russell.

CHAPTER II

TUCSON AS A WALLED CITY

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

At just about the time that the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia was ringing out the news of American Independence in 1776, Tucson became a Spanish presidio. It is not easy for us to visualize the little military settlement within its stout walls of adobe as it then existed. Yet by patient research we have been able to revive the past with considerable certainty and to live over again the life of that far-off time.

The old city wall ran north from the intersection of our present Main and Pennington Streets, where the Orndorff Hotel now stands, to the far corner of Knox Corbett's yard; thence east to a point about sixty feet west of Church Street; thence south two blocks to the south wall of the new Court House; and from that point west along Pennington Street to Main. The wall was ten or twelve feet high and eighteen inches thick and was constructed of adobe brick. At the northeast corner (perhaps at each of the four corners) was a tower two stories high pierced by port-holes that commanded all the outside approaches to the wall. There was only one gate in ancient times. It faced the west, where Alameda Street now enters Main Street and was called **Puerta del Presidio.** This gate was constructed of heavy mesquite timber. At night, and always in times of danger, it was closed and fastened with great iron bars. It was provided with a massive iron lock, also. Above the gate, forming a sort of roof to it, was a station where the sentinel was posted. He was protected by a parapet that overlooked the Camino Real, now Main Street, then the last lap of the King's Highway from the City of Mexico. This platform over the gate where the sentinel stood guard was reached by means of a ladder placed in the southwest corner of the barracks that ran along the west wall, from the north side of the gate. Beginning at the south side of the gate and extending some distance along the wall was a building consisting of two rooms in which also the soldiers were quartered. Just east of the barracks, on what is now the little green, was a granary, a single large square room with supporting pillars. The commandante's house was located just west of the old L. M. Jacob's home, and in the plaza in front of the quarters of the commanding officer was a cannon. People still living remember in Mexican days seeing the soldiers who constituted the garrison, marching up and down what is

now Alameda Street, in front of the commandante's house, to the music of drums and bugles in the early morning and at sunset.

Along the north wall were the stables. The space in front of the stables was called Plaza de la Caballariza. Close up against the east wall in what is now Alameda Street was the original Church of the Presidio, and both to the north of the church and to the south was a small cemetery. There were, moreover, some burials within the walls of San Agustin, as this earliest church was called. The front arched, and entered through large double doors, faced west. The edifice was without towers, and very plain, except for a somewhat decorative parapet wall that extended over the doorway. By the mid-fifties the structure was going to ruin. The decaying roof was falling in, and the doors were closed, as it was considered dangerous for children to enter the building. The floor was probably of earth. The walls had been frescoed, but little of the color or designs could be made out. In front of the church was Plaza de la Iglesia. An open space on the south side of the town was known as Plaza de Armas. Most of the houses were built close up against the wall, with the roofs sloping somewhat toward the inside. The rear was built up several feet above the flat roof and thus served as a rampart from which the inhabitants could shoot in safety when attacked by the Indians. The houses were of adobe, small, square, without windows, and of the rudest construction.

In early days Tucson was a military community. It was occupied almost wholly by soldiers and their families. Ranchers, mining men, and travelers, of course, often sought its walls for supplies or protection. But the population up to the time that the Americans came was never large. The regular garrison very likely numbered about fifty. Yet generations ago, even in this cramped, fortified hamlet, men and women lived and loved, brought forth children, played, sang, danced, feasted and worshipped just as men and women do now. Tiny brown-skinned, soft-eyed toddlers, naked, or at best in scant breech-clout, built play-houses of dry sticks and bits of caliche, played "Hide-and-Seek" or "Ring-Around-Rosy," and on hot July days, when the fierce dust-storm gave place to dashing sheets of rain, disported themselves in the downpour with shouts of glee, and afterward waded in the puddles or made mud-pies. The sun came up then each morning with rosy radiance as it does now; the turquoise sky bent over them day after day and month after month as it does over us; and at night the cloudless blue vault was hung with the same brilliant stars and gem-like

constellations that throb down to us their intimate messages of peace or of passion.

A hundred years ago the valley of the Santa Cruz was very rich. There was then no ugly river bed, but a large part of the land directly to the west and south was highly cultivated. The water level was several feet higher than it is today and the water in the river was more constant and abundant. Little acequias ran here and there among the cultivated fields tilled by both ranchers and soldiers. Grain, beans, peas, chili, squash, pumpkins and watermelons were produced in large quantities when the Apaches could be kept at a distance; and as to fruit, there were quinces, pears and pomegranites. Game, too, abounded, even the wild turkey being not uncommon in this region.

In Spanish times enormous herds of cattle roamed over the surrounding country. The herds were so large on some of the trails that travelers could with difficulty make their way through. Except for their hides and the tallow that was useful in many ways, the cattle were considered of little value. A good steer would bring only about three dollars in the markets. Such goods as the settlers could not supply for themselves were brought from Sonora by pack-train and paid for in silver coin that bore the King's stamp. Wagons and carts were unknown at that time and there was then no traffic with California. The ordinary citizen scarcely knew that such a country as California existed.

A very little seemed to make people happy in that golden past. Their wants were few and easily supplied. Their amusements were very simple. Crime was almost unknown. To be sure there was plenty of mescal, but it does not seem to have been used to excess; and when men did get drunk, if ancient reports are to be trusted, they did not quarrel, but were as amiable in their cups as sworn comrades or brothers. It was a rare thing for a wrong-doer to be punished except to the extent of being confined in the calaboso for a few days. Religious services were conducted in the little church inside the walls. The priests made no charge for marriages, baptisms, and burials, nor did they ask pay for conducting the religious services of the community. They were well supported by a regular portion set aside for them from the annual products of the settlement. If it had not been for the ever-dreaded Apaches, life in "The Old Pueblo" a hundred years ago would have been very happy indeed.

But, alas! The Apaches were rarely at rest. They were a continual thorn in the flesh. Often a father, husband, son or

brother while at work in the fields within sight of his home and family was murdered by these savages. Time and again the settlers tried to make peace with them, but invariably the friendly agreements that had been entered into were violated after a short time and stealing and killing would go on again as of old. Sometimes Apaches who wanted to live at peace would come and settle near the presidio and would help to work the fields, but such Indians were pursued, attacked and murdered by their bloody tribesmen at every opportunity. The Pima and Papago Indians were almost continuously well-disposed toward the white man, and were at the same time at deadly enmity with the Apaches; so these tribes and the Spanish frequently joined forces in attacks upon the common enemy.

Previous to 1843 Tucson on more than one occasion was beseiged by bands of Apaches—sometimes aggregating as many as a thousand warriors. There are accounts of two bold attempts on the part of the Apaches (perhaps soon after the year 1800) to raid and capture Tucson. Indeed, the presidio, at the outermost limit of white occupation, thrust out as it was like a spearpoint, was the natural point of entrance to the prosperous ranches and settled communities toward the south. The first attack to which I refer was made when the soldiers and nearly all the other male inhabitants were away, and had it not been for the timely assistance of the Pima and Papago Indians the town, no doubt, would have been taken and all the people murdered or carried into captivity. The second time an attack was made in force the sentinel posted on the hill to the west of the city discovered the approach of the enemy soon enough to sound the alarm, so that all were able to get within the walls and lock the gates. The Indians came on and made a hard fight, but at that time they were not in possession of firearms. Their spears, and bows and arrows proved ineffective against the thick walls of the beseiged, defended as they were by men with guns and powder and bullets.

And so the years and the decades passed by. The flag of Spain was replaced by that of the Mexican Republic, and in turn the Mexican Government was compelled to yield to the growing power of the United States. Only at rare intervals during this long lapse of time do we get glimpses of life as it went on in this forlorn little outpost of civilization. We know that it continued to hold its own. In 1807 Captain Zebulon M. Pike traveled rather extensively in Mexico. Writing about Sonora at that time, he states that the regular military force of that province was nine hundred dragoons and two hundred in-

TUCSON IN 1852
From a Drawing by John R. Bartlett

fantry. Tucson, he states, was garrisoned with one hundred dragoons. Now and then a band of trappers came this way, for beaver were plentiful on the Santa Cruz a hundred years ago. Priests visited the community from time to time. Pack-trains from the south came and went occasionally, and now and then a military expedition entered the gates, tarried awhile, and then proceeded on its way.

The American Flag, the third national ensign to float above the walls of Tucson, was first unfurled here in mid-December, 1846, when Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, in command of The Mormon Battalion, entered the city gates. He was en route to California and was breaking a wagon road from Alququerque to the Coast. On December 14, when his column was near Benson, he came across four or five Mexican soldiers. He was informed by them that the commandant of the presidio of Tucson had been joined by the garrisons of Fronteras, Santa Cruz and Tubac, and that orders had come from the Government of Sonora not to allow an armed force to enter the town. Cooke sent word to the commandant that the people need have no fear, as he merely wanted to enter the city to secure supplies and that he would at once continue his march to California. In response to this message two officers came out to meet him with the request that "a special armistice" be entered into. Cooke replied that he would require that two carbines and three lances be delivered to him as a sign of surrender and that the inhabitants pledge themselves not to "bear arms against the United States unless they were exchanged as prisoners of war."

When the American force drew near the walls a cavalryman came out to say for Captain Comaduran that he would not accept the terms of surrender. The Battalion now prepared for battle, but soon two other soldiers appeared and reported that the garrison had retired, taking with them two brass cannon. Cooke thereupon marched into the gate and through the town. They were well treated, and in return they treated with respect and courtesy the few citizens who remained. From a large supply of public wheat that was stored in the granaries Cooke took as much as he could carry in his wagons as feed for the animals. Some of the soldiers bought beans, fruit, and unbolted flour. The Battalion camped near the town, and on December 17 proceeded toward the Gila River, their next main objective being the Pima Villages.

Many emigrants passed through Tucson during the next few years, but no satisfactory picture of life in "The Old Pueblo" comes to our notice again until July 15, 1852. On that

day Honorable John R. Bartlett, the Commissioner appointed by the United States Government to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, reached Tucson at ten o'clock in the morning. As he passed the garrison he saw a body of Mexican soldiers entering. He learned that they had just arrived from the south after a campaign against hostile Apaches who had been raiding and slaughtering in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, Tubac and Tucson. When he was informed that the Mexican General Blanco was within the walls, he went at once to pay his respects to him, leaving his escort to find a suitable camping place a mile above the city on the banks of the Santa Cruz.

Near the place where his party had halted, he found an American named Coons encamped with a herd of fourteen thousand sheep that he was driving through to San Francisco. He had a band of sixty well-armed men, mostly Americans to help him guard and care for the sheep. In the afternoon General Blanco and his staff escorted by a troop of lancers visited the Commissioner at his camp. The lancers were well uniformed and equipped and made a striking appearance. It is interesting to note that a July rain came up while the official visit was in progress, so that everyone was driven to shelter. The summer rains do not seem to have varied in regularity between that distant date and the present. The two dignitaries talked together as to the best means of dealing with their common enemy, the Apache, and General Blanco offered Mr. Bartlett the use of his blacksmith shop to make repairs on his broken wagons. As his own private conveyance, a light wagon, needed repairs, also, and as his animals required shoeing, he decided to remain in camp here a couple of days. He was the more willing to do this as he could at the same time recruit his mules on the good grass that abounded on the banks of the Santa Cruz. It rained all night, but his party were able to make themselves comfortable in their good tents.

Bartlett makes the following comment on Tucson as he found it in 1852: "It has always been, and is to this day, a presidio or garrison; but for which the place could not be sustained. In its best days it boasted a population of a thousand souls, now diminished to about one-third that number. It stands on the plateau adjoining the fertile valley watered by the Santa Cruz River, a small stream which rises ten miles northeast of the town of Santa Cruz, whence it flows south to that place. It then takes a westerly direction for about ten miles, after which it flows northward through Tubac and Tucson, and soon

UNITED STATES DRAGOON (Mounted)

becomes lost in the desert. The lands near Tucson are very rich, and were once extensively cultivated; but the encroachment of the Apaches compelled the people to abandon their ranches and seek safety within the town. The miserable population, confined to such narrow limits, barely gains a subsistence, and could not exist a year but for the protection from troops. More than once the town has been invested by from one to two thousand Indians, and attempts made to take it, but thus far without success. These Apaches have become reduced quite as much as the Mexicans; so that two hundred warriors are about the largest force they can now collect."

Bartlett states that the average number of soldiers stationed in Tucson for a few years previous was not more than twenty. The houses were all of adobe and most of them were in a sad state of ruin. There seemed to be no attempt made to repair a house that was going to decay; instead, the wretched tenant would creep into some other house not quite so near ruin and there continue to eke out his miserable existence. It was hard, indeed, that these poor people should have been compelled to endure such poverty when nature all about them was so productive. There were bottom lands a mile wide adjacent to the town, well watered by irrigating ditches. The courses of these rivulets, or acequias were indicated by rows of willows and cottonwoods, and the whole landscape was very agreeable to the eye. The soil was so fertile that almost any vegetable, fruit, or grain could be raised. Among the products that Bartlett saw growing were peas, beans, onions, pumpkins, wheat, maize, apples, pears, peaches and grapes.

Bartlett says that at the base of a hill, a mile to the west of Tucson, there were some fine springs of water, and at a little distance a hamlet and a large hacienda, somewhat neglected, which he thought must at one time have been very rich. He spent parts of two days on the rough hillside near Sentinel Peak making a sketch of the valley to the east and the northeast, with the town and the Santa Catalina Mountains in the distance. In the foreground appears in distinct outline the hacienda with its white walls and gateway. In reality, the hamlet and the hacienda were all that then remained of the mission Jose del Tucson, which ante-dated the walled city of Tucson. Bartlett's sketch is here reproduced. It is, perhaps, the earliest picture of Tucson that exists.

CHAPTER III

FROM THE GADSEN PURCHASE TO THE CIVIL WAR

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

The Gadsden Treaty was entered into December 30, 1853, but it was not promulgated by President Pierce until June, 1854. The Mexican troops, consisting of about twenty-six men, remained in Tucson until March 10, 1856, when they were replaced by four companies of the First United States Dragoons. But before that date a few wide-awake Americans had come here to live. Among the first to arrive in Tucson were Hiram S. Stevens, Pete Kitchen, Charles D. Poston, John B. ("Pie") Allen, John Davis and Mark Aldrich. These men did not follow the Flag; they preceded it. William H. Kirkland, who has the credit of raising the first American flag in Arizona after it became United States territory, says that when the Mexicans evacuated the Presidio, Fritz and Julis Contzen, Green Rusk, Pete Kitchen, Nicholas Van Alstine, White, Paddy Burke, John Davis, William Finley, John Muncie, V. S. Shelby and Edward Miles were present. An American flag that belonged to Edward Miles was unfurled on a rude flagstaff made by splicing together several mesquite poles.

The names of a number of Mexican families are firmly fixed in the pioneer history of the community. Among the best known are Jesus Elias, Juan Santa Cruz, Solano Leon, Guillermo Tellez, Ignacio Pecheco, Francisco Romero, Ignacio Sais and Ignacio Ortiz. Estevan Ochoa, D. Valasco, and Leopoldo Carillo were not born in Arizona, but came here in the late fifties. These names and many more native inhabitants deserve celebration in song and story.

Americans moved in rather rapidly after 1856. The population was very diverse and was augmented from many sources. All the early writers make it clear that not a few undesirable citizens flocked in about the time the American troops took possession. It was not considered polite for one man to ask questions about another man's past; since it was well understood that the San Francisco Vigilance Committee and the County Sheriffs of Texas were among the most powerful promoters of immigration into Arizona at that time. Previous to 1860 there was scarcely a semblance of law in Arizona. Every man had to look out for himself. Murders were very common, and morals exceedingly lax. From the first, however, citizens of a clean, sturdy type came to find their fortunes here, and it is to men

of this order that Tucson owes its solid beginnings. There was much to attract adventurous and energetic young men to this region. It was believed that Arizona contained great mineral wealth, so men came to prospect or to work in the mines. The climate, too, was as attractive then as it is now. Many a good man was simply stranded here and had to make the best of the situation. After the war discharged soldiers who had become attached to the country remained and threw in their lot with the now thriving town.

By 1856, just as a growing boy finds his jacket and breeches too short and tight to hold him within bounds, the population of Tucson began to break through the enclosing wall and spread to the West and the South. A street, later called Ott Street, was cut through the South wall by Tellez, in order to avoid going around to the main gate. In exchange for the ground occupied by this new street, "Uncle" Sammy Hughes took a lot on which the Congregational Church afterward stood. Court Street, likewise, was cut through the south wall to afford a more direct way to the Plaza on the property of an old timer named Cruz. A gate was opened through the east wall at the back of the church and a new cemetery was laid out a block or two to the east. Soon the wall began to disintegrate rapidly. Adobe blocks from it were used in the construction of houses, and before many years had gone by people almost forgot that Tucson was once a walled presidio.

Tucson About 1860

What were men and women and boys and girls doing in Tucson about 1860? We can reconstruct the picture with considerable detail. The fields about the town were being cultivated by Mexican ranchmen, though most of the work was done by Indians. The Americans who came went into one business or another. John Davis and Mark Aldrich were the first Americans to open a store in Tucson. Among the earliest to arrive was J. B. ("Pie") Allen. He was all but penniless. Someone suggested to him that he make pies and sell them to the soldiers. This he did, and the soldiers were glad to buy them at a dollar each, for they were large and thick and just like mother made. He took in so much money that he was soon able to start a store. Very likely Solomon Warner, who came to Tucson in 1855, was the first American to bring in a stock of goods. Warner brought his stock from Yuma by a pack train consisting of thirteen mules. He opened his store March 21, 1856, only eleven days after the departure of the Mexican troops, and from

that time did business on a rather large scale. There was a flour mill in Tucson by this time, also. About two years later Sam Hughes began selling butcher's meat. Indeed, Mr. Hughes took a main hand in half a dozen growing enterprises. As he expressed it, "I had a spoon in every soup." He was a wise, sober and sound citizen who left a salutary impress upon the town in a hundred ways.

In 1857, the Overland Stage from San Antonio to San Diego began making two trips a month. This was an event of very great moment. Tucson was no longer completely shut off from the world. A year later the Overland Stage from St. Louis to San Francisco came through twice a week. The arrival and departure of the mail and the advent of a passenger now and then were the supremely absorbing events in the arid life of this pin-point of pioneer civilization. Raphael Pumpelly tells how he arrived in Tucson by stage one day in the autumn of 1860, delirious and half dead for want of sleep after his continuous journey from Missouri. "I was told that the safety of all the passengers demanded that I should keep awake; and as the only means of effecting this, my neighbors beat a constant tatoo with their elbows upon my ribs. During the journey from the Rio Grande to Tucson my delirium increased, and the only thing I have ever remembered of the route was the sight of a large number of Indian campfires at Apache Pass. My first recollection after this is of being awakened by the report of a pistol, and of starting up to find myself in a crowded room, where a score or more of people were quarreling at a gaming table. I had reached Tucson and had thrown myself on the floor of the first room I could enter. A sound sleep of twelve hours had fully restored me, both in mind and body."

A great variety of travelers came and went. Being on the main highway from the Rio Grande to Yuma and San Diego, Tucson became a center of trade with Sonora to the Southwest. There was no hotel in Tucson as early as this, but "the Tucson bed" was famous all the way from Texas to Sonora. The traveler made this bed by lying on his stomach and covering that with his back. It was sometimes spread within the walls of some tumble-down and deserted adobe house with the stars for candle-light, but, perhaps more often it was laid in the corral or on the plaza.

There was no lack of food. Bread and beef were plentiful and wild game was not uncommon. Chickens and eggs could be secured from the ranchers if one could pay the price. Peas, beans, chili, squash, muskmelons and watermelons could be had.

And for the one who could afford such luxuries, there were, besides, currants, pomegranates, quince, peaches, apricots and pears. Pack-trains from Sonora brought oranges and panocha. No one can say when the first saloon was opened in Tucson, but there never was a time up to 1914 when alcoholic liquor was not as plentiful as water.

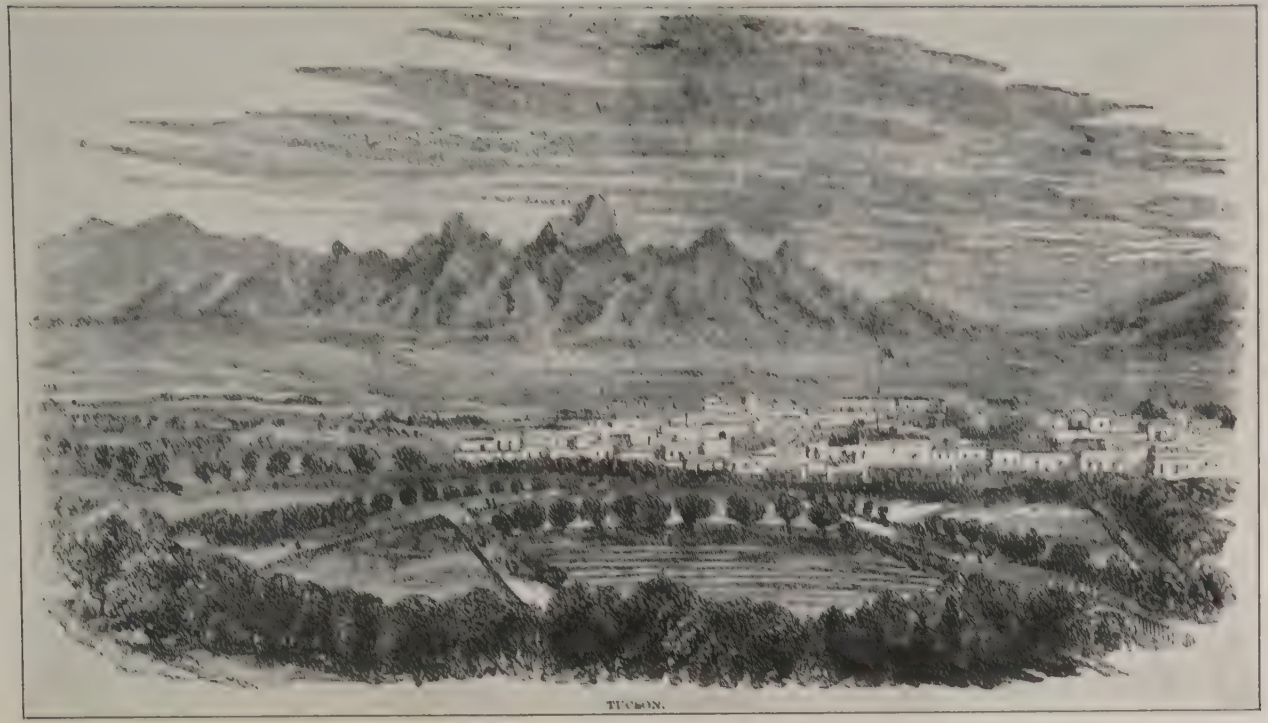
Life in the little pueblo was simple in those days, though the ingredients did not differ from what people need, do not need, and enjoy and suffer from at present. I suppose that small boys who did not have to work in the field or look after the stock played the same games that they do now, and stood in absorbed, open-eyed wonder leaning against the corner of an adobe wall, watching their elders as they swore or fought or gambled, or struggled with their refractory mules. The little girls were carefully trained and guarded by their good Mexican mothers. They were not allowed to go out much. They sewed, making their own pretty dresses as soon as they were old enough and doing fancy Spanish drawn-work. Some of them even played the harp, and though there was no public school, a Miss Rosa Ortiz gave private instruction to some of the more favored children. For young and old there were sometimes picnics in the nearby mountains, and moonlight dances in the patios. Sometimes simple home tableaus and theatricals were enjoyed. It seems that in those days the girls were able to occupy themselves contentedly at home.

There were four or five celebrations or merry-makings in the course of the year—San Juan's Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July—and most exciting and festive of all, The Feast of Saint Augustine. This last was held four or five days at a time, and on the part of the men there was a good deal of reveling, drinking and gambling. It was a time of prolonged and very boisterous enjoyment. But none of the self-respecting Mexican women of that day, whether rich or poor, drank or smoked or gambled. From time to time from Mexico came wandering rope-walkers, jugglers and tumblers. There were, too, occasional circuses and Marionette shows. These entertainments were given in the streets outside the wall, or on the Plaza inside. These companies would sometimes remain for days, and of course they afforded much amusement for young and old. Dances were not uncommon, but they were not public dances. Only those who were invited came, the mothers always accompanying their daughters as chaperones. The music was supplied by a fiddle and a kettle-drum, made of rawhide. The drums would beat the time. On occasions there was also the accompaniment of a harp.

In the fifties there was no regular priest in Tucson. The original Church of the Presidio by the east wall had become so dilapidated that it could no longer be occupied with safety, and as the roof was about to fall in, the doors were closed so that the public could not enter. A tiny church, La Capilla de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, with only one room, and a cubicle at the rear used by the priest as a place to robe and unrobe, took the place of the old building. It stood just inside the gate, to the right as one entered from Main Street. People continued to worship to some extent in the old mission across the river near Sentinel Peak. In those days the priests came to minister at Tucson only once or twice a year. Sometimes the desire of the people for the offices of a priest grew so urgent that a score or more of the citizens would go to Sonora and bring a father back with them.

The Gadsden Purchase, taken from the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, was added to New Mexico as Arizona. It was natural that this territory should come under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Santa Fe, and, accordingly, the Church authorities in Rome placed it in charge of Bishop John B. Lāmy. As a number of matters now had to be adjusted between Bishop Lamy and the Mexican prelates, Father Joseph P. Machebeuf was sent to Arizona and Sonora to make all necessary arrangements. He made the journey by way of El Paso. Early in December, 1858, he was in Tucson, which he alludes to as "a village of about 800 souls, built around an ancient Mexican fortress." Speaking of San Xavier, he says, "I had the pleasure of finding there a large brick church, very rich and beautiful for that country. It was begun by the Jesuits and finished by the Franciscans."

This zealous missionary, Father Machebeuf, is the original of Willa Cather's Joseph in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." He later became Bishop of Denver. He made a second trip to the valley of the Santa Cruz in the summer of 1859 and spent two months in and about Tucson. Night and day he was busy, baptizing, hearing confessions, solemnizing marriages, preaching, holding mass and repairing the churches—neglected so long that they were going to ruin. The old Church of the Presidio, in Tucson, was too far gone for restoration and was not safe or fit for services. But Father Machebeuf, always equal to the circumstances, contrived to have a place of worship in a very short time. A little house, composed of two small rooms, was given to him for the purpose by Don Francisco Solano Leon, one of the prominent citizens of the town. The building was really too limited in proportions, but at the request of the Vicar General, it was enlarged by the voluntary work of the faithful by



TUCSON IN 1862
From a War-Time Photograph

adding a good sized, rough wooden porch to one of the rooms. This, poor as it was, was the first church used in Tucson since the Territory of Arizona had been attached to the diocese of Santa Fe. Many people remember yet the instructions they received from the "Senor Vicario" in this provisional church; they remember in particular how forcibly he spoke one morning at mass against murder, without knowing that the night before an American had killed a man in self-defense, and how seriously the priest was called to answer for his words. After some explanations, the offended man was satisfied that the preacher knew nothing of what had happened during the night, and had spoken in a general way against those who take unjustly the life of their fellow-men. Nevertheless, from this day the priest was not allowed by the Catholics of Tucson to travel alone, and even in town, when he had to hear confession at night, there were, without his being aware of it, some men standing around the church until he would come out, when they accompanied him to his residence.*

Bishop John B. Lamy visited Tucson during Holy Week, 1864. He was entertained in the home of W. S. Oury, on Camino Real. No royal personage could have been received with greater favor and distinction. A triumphal arch of cottonwood branches was erected for him at the entrance to the city. A tarpaulin was spread for him to walk upon. Everywhere there were decorations of paper flowers and greenery; on porches and balustrades the citizens displayed their most beautiful Mexican blankets, and the ladies decked themselves out with their finest Spanish shawls and other heirlooms that had been passed down from generation to generation, each one vieing with the other to make the best display. After the Bishop had been lavishly banqueted, he conducted mass and ministered in other ways to the wants of the people.

The Beginnings of Civil Government

From 1851 to 1854 Arizona north of the Gila River was a part of New Mexico. As there were no settlements in Arizona at that time, there was, of course, no civil organization. But in 1855, the Gadsden Purchase having been taken over, in which there were three or four villages, Arizona was added to Dona Ana County, and it remained a part of this county of New Mexico until 1863. During this period crime was rampant in and about Tucson. The records show that a criminal was sent now and then to Mesilla, the county seat, three hundred miles across

* "Soldiers of the Cross." Bishop J. B. Salpointe.

the desert for trial, but usually criminals were either dealt with by direct action or permitted to have their own sweet way. To be sure there were justices of the peace in Tucson, and their ways were both unique and effective.

As early as 1856, soon after our troops (a squadron of the First United States Dragoons) took possession in Arizona, a convention met in Tucson and memorialized Congress to organize Arizona as a territory. Two hundred and fifty names were signed to this document, and Nathan P. Cook was sent to Washington as delegate. Mark Aldrich presided at this convention. Among others present were Colonel James Douglass, of Sopori, Henry Ehrenberg, Granville Oury and Ignacio Ortiz. Cook went to Washington but was denied a seat. Congress did not ignore the urgent prayer and cry of Arizona, but no legislation was put through. In September, 1857, another election was held in Tucson; Sylvester Mowry, of the Mowry Mines, was elected delegate and a new petition was addressed to Congress. As Mowry was already in Washington his certificate of election was sent to him there. However, he was not admitted, nor was anything done to relieve Arizona. Again, the following year, Mowry was elected, and he worked hard to secure recognition for Arizona, as did the citizens here at home, but to no avail. Other conventions were held, one at Mesilla and two in Tucson, but nothing came of all the agitation, elections and representations to Congress.

At last, early in April, 1860, a Constitutional Convention made up of thirty-one delegates came together and ordained and established a Provisional Constitution to operate so long, and only so long, as Arizona should be left unorganized by Congress. Much wise and constructive work was accomplished. The full record of the proceedings of this convention, printed in Tucson in 1860, is believed to be the first book published in Arizona. Some officers were elected and others were appointed, but there is no evidence that this temporary government ever functioned. Soon after this Jefferson Davis introduced a bill into Congress to organize Arizona into a territory, but it did not carry. Again, in 1862, Congress now being Republican, another measure was introduced of like character. It hung over until February, 1863, and was then passed, but not until the clause that named Tucson as the capital had been eliminated.

MAP OF TUCSON IN 1862

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE CIVIL WAR TO ABOUT 1870

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

Meanwhile the Civil War had broken out. It struck Tucson like a blight. Public sentiment here in 1861 was predominantly for disunion. There were only sixty-eight American voters in Tucson in the summer of 1861, but in convention assembled they voted that the "Eleven starred banner" be tossed to the breeze. No doubt the chief cause of Washington's neglect of Arizona during the years just preceding the opening of the Civil War was due to the out-spoken spirit of secession known to exist in Tucson. In July the troops were withdrawn from Arizona, and Tucson became the only place where the citizens could rally for safety from the increasingly deadly attacks of the Apaches. A force of perhaps two hundred Texans in February, 1862, under command of Captain Hunter, occupied "The Old Pueblo." Hunter met with no opposition, for, already, in August, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor had proclaimed Arizona Confederate territory. The few Union men in Tucson sought safety in Sonora.

But "the Stars and Bars" did not long wave over the battered walls of the ancient town, so often a prey to change and vicissitude. On May 20, Hunter retreated to the southward as Colonel West, leading the vanguard of the California Volunteers, once more unfurled the Stars and Stripes in the streets of Tucson. Mrs. Sam Hughes told the writer that as a child of twelve, on that May morning, she remembered seeing the column march in with glittering bayonets and deploy on the hillside to the west, near where the El Paso and Southwestern Station now is. The Union troops were called the Northerners by the people of Tucson, and the Confederates the Southerners, not because the inhabitants knew anything about the rebellion, but because the Union soldiers entered the city from the north and the Texas troops marched off to the south.

Colonel Carleton, commander of the California Column, reached Tucson in June, at once declared Arizona a territory of the United States, and forthwith placed it under martial law. He is determined he says, "that when a man does have his throat cut, his house robbed, or his field ravaged, he may at least have the consolation of knowing that there is some law that will reach him who does the injury." Nine gamblers, loafers and cutthroats who had held peaceable citizens in terror he arrested and

sent to Yuma to be imprisoned there until the end of the war. He laid an occupation tax upon all merchants and required saloons and gambling rooms to pay one hundred dollars a month each. The money so collected he spent for the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers.

Major David Ferguson was in command of the Arizona garrisons in the latter part of 1862. During his occupancy of Tucson he had a map made of the village. So far as we know this is the first official map ever made of Tucson. It shows the decided growth the town has made since the first Americans came. It will be seen that a few houses have been built to the west of the original walled area, and that the population has pressed beyond the wall three or four blocks to the south. Calle Real is modern Main Street (alas that it should be so!). Calle del Aroyo is our Pennington Street (not inappropriate, as old Elias Pennington used to use this arroyo as a saw-pit where he whip-sawed lumber). Calle del Indian Trieste is the Maiden Lane of a later date (now no more, since the wedge was removed in 1902). Calle de la Alegria is modern Congress Street. Calle de la Mesilla is Mesilla Street, and La Plaza de la Mesilla is the little square in front of old St. Augustine Church. The small black oblong marks at the extreme southwest are, no doubt, the homes of the Ourys and one or two other old-timers.

Following the Civil War

Up to the coming of the railroad, Tucson was always and chiefly a military center. Just after the Civil War the army became the dominant factor in the growth and control of the town. With the coming of the California Column Tucson took on new life. By the time the war was at an end the population had leaped to twelve or thirteen hundred people, and counting the military population perhaps one-fourth of this number were Americans. After the war many soldiers made Arizona their home. Throughout the sixties the community depended almost wholly upon the government for its prosperity. Everyone looked to the United States Army Paymaster as the prime magician. He came seldom—only twice a year—but in his wake came plenty and hilarity. Between pay-days vouchers were issued by the government to Mexican laborers and ranchers, sometimes to the amount of two or three hundred dollars for labor or for supplies of hay, wood, beef, etc. The merchants accepted these vouchers for goods, and sometimes the holders were allowed cash advances on them. When the paymaster came, money was free as water or sunshine. These were harvest days for the saloons

and gambling halls. Drinking and gaming went on to excess. For about two months the merchants, also, would do a great cash business, but after that the voucher system would again go into vogue.

Freighting in those days was a leading occupation. Pack-trains frequently came from Sonora, of course, with fruits and panocha, but all heavy articles, and, indeed, supplies of almost every kind had to be freighted in over vast distances by ox or mule teams. Oxen were used chiefly in the very early days, since they were gentle, easily controlled, and required no harness —a very expensive article in the west at that time. They were slow to be sure, but grass was abundant and nutritious, so feed cost little or nothing. By the middle of the sixties grass was giving out as a result of over-grazing, so it now became necessary to carry along grain for the animals. Under these conditions oxen were more expensive to feed than mules, so now mules began to take their place. Freight rates were, of course, fabulously high. From the East goods were brought as far as Independence, Missouri, by rail or water, but from there in wagons across the dry, interminable plains and desert. It would sometimes require three or four months for a wagon-train to reach Tucson, and so hostile were the Indians that a guard had to be maintained continually. Goods coming from San Francisco were sent by sea as far as the mouth of the Colorado River. At this point they were transferred to barges or steamers of light draught, and so transported to Yuma and thence by wagon two hundred and fifty miles to Tucson. During this decade when Tucson was growing rapidly and army posts were being established throughout Arizona to hold the Apaches in check, Tucson was the depot of supplies and the distributing point for the whole Territory. Main Street was almost constantly lined with long wagon-trains, and sometimes in the procession prairie schooners would be seen with emigrants making their slow way to California. At night the corrals were crowded with army mules, and the freighters were frequently camped with their wagons and teams on the outskirts of the town.

John Spring came to Tucson as a soldier in 1866 and he gives this graphic picture of the Old Pueblo as he then saw it:

"The buildings that deserved the name of houses were of adobe with flat roofs. Those of the poorer class of Mexicans were of mesquite poles and the long wands of the candlewood, the chinks being filled with mud plaster. With the exception of the soldiers and teamsters in transit there were not over a dozen white men in the town, and not one white woman. The doors of

many houses consisted of raw hides stretched over rough frames, the windows being apertures in the walls barred with upright sticks stuck therein. . . .

"When I visited the town toward evening in order to present our ration return to the commissary of subsistence (Captain Gilbert C. Smith), with a view of obtaining our rations, I found that the one street of Tucson was fairly bubbling with life and motion. Its whole length was taken up by a long train of army wagons, and another of paririe schooners carrying flour from Sonora, Mexico, while heavy loaded hay wagons were trying to make their way to the government corral where numberless horses and mules were constantly coming and going. . . . Cursing teamsters, rollicking soldiers, rustling gamblers and the usual nondescripts of a frontier town jostled each other in the narrow street devoid of sidewalks.

"As soon as I had received and loaded up our rations, of which the long untasted and coveted fresh meat was the most desirable article, I started my ration wagon to camp, then looked for a store where I might purchase a much needed paper of needles and thread. The only store worthy of the name was quite easily found and the desired articles were produced. To my horror and the great financial detriment of my purse I found that a paper of needles cost seventy-five cents and a spool of thread twenty-five cents. As I gave vent to my astonishment at such exorbitant prices, the store-keeper observed, somewhat sarcastically, I thought, 'It is not the value of the article but the cost money on the freight, you know.' Freight on needles, indeed! However, the thing worked both ways as I found later when I brought to this same store our surplus rations and received for them per pound: Coffee, seventy-five cents (it sold for a dollar); brown sugar, fifty cents; bacon, sixty cents; from all of which our company derived a substantial benefit."

John S. Vosburg, a civilian paints Tucson in somewhat mellower colors than does John Spring, the sergeant. He did not come until 1869, and no doubt by this time The Old Pueblo had improved somewhat. Vosburg was a locksmith. He was, too, a good deal of a sage and was of a mild and humane temper. There were no banks in town at this time. The leading merchants had safes; and as Vosburg was the only one who could fix them when they got out of order, he knew how to open every safe in town. The bailes, Mr. Vosburg states, were almost the only social functions. Of course the only ladies in attendance were Mexicans. Miss Larcena Pennington was married to Mr. Page in 1858, but she did not long retain her residence in Tucson at

that time, and it was not until about 1872 that American women came to remain permanently.

If some respectable man wanted to give a **baile,** he would go to someone's shed, sweep it out, and get someone to play a bass drum and Old Jose to play the harp. Then the gallants and the belles would come. The mothers always came along as Duenas (caretakers). Everyone was well behaved; there was little rowdyism. If anyone got drunk, he would be put off somewhere to sleep. Everyone wore his best. If a fellow was in love with a girl, he would buy her a pair of shoes. The girls all danced well. The man who gave the dance had to pay the Mexican harpster and provide the candles to light up with. The only refreshment served was limonado from an olla. There were **cascarones** (eggshells filled with finely-cut colored paper); and if a man was in love with a girl, he would crush the eggshell over her head, so that the contents would shower into her hair."

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSES OF TUCSON ABOUT 1870

By Frank C. Lockwood

One can get a fairly good idea of how life went on in this rapidly expanding emporium of the southwest from a survey of THE TUCSON ARIZONIAN from January, 1869, to January 1870. Apache atrocities, army affairs, and business advertisements take up most of the space from week to week in this little paper. We learn that there are four restaurants and one "first class" hotel; two doctors have recently located in town—both from California; Saint Augustine Church is nearing completion, but the public school building is delayed for lack of funds; there is objection to wagon-trains encamping in the public Plaza; in Charlie Brown's "Congress Hall" Saloon patrons may find letter-paper, pens, ink, newspapers and magazines for the improvement of their minds; the authorities are taken to task for the ungraded and neglected condition of streets and alleys, and complaint is made about the superabundance of dogs—in particular, citizens are chided who poison these curs and then leave their carcasses to decompose on the streets; the old Sam Hughes property at the north end of the village, surrounded by an adobe wall ten feet high and one hundred feet square, is offered at auction; a certain Mr. Gaige, photographer, advertises that he will be leaving Tucson in about three weeks; E. N. Fish's wagon-train makes the round trip between Tucson and Yuma in thirty days, the most speedy trip ever made over that route; an editorial denounces gambling, averring that the gamblers have carried forty thousand dollars out of the town during the past two years and have given nothing in return; Rev. J. W. Fleming, of Florence, holds religious services in the Court House one night, and soon after this "Professor" Lorio gives a sleight-of-hand performance in the same place; a sumptuous banquet is reported at the Richardson Hotel for the benefit of the Convent, and in the next issue of the paper the proprietor requests that "Those persons who through misunderstanding took away pieces of cake, etc., from the Richardson House on the 22nd inst. are respectfully requested to return the same"; the Rhodes' House Hotel Building, with twelve large and commodious rooms, is to be disposed of at a lottery, there being three hundred and fifty chances at twenty dollars a chance; the Spanish speaking population celebrate Corpus Christi

Day with great elaborateness and solemnity, a thousand people taking part in the procession and marching through streets decorated with green boughes and "under arches and shades constructed of gauze and decorated with flowers"; and, finally, in the hot month of June, Sam'l Bostick, the colored barber, announces in chaste and dignified language that he "has arranged a commodious apartment for the purpose of furnishing baths to all who may wish to tender patronage". This seems to have been the premier bath-tub in Tucson.

We are not lacking in more graphic and extended accounts than those above, for at least two men of keen observation saw and recorded Tucson's town ways about the year 1870. John S. Vosburg tells of the good-will that existed between Americans and Mexicans; gives some facts about the high cost of living if such luxuries as apples, fresh lettuce, and ice-cream were included. He says that he paid a dollar for a pound of apples brought from San Diego by express. No one was invited to the feast and there were no cores left. He attended a dinner party where fresh lettuce was served; but it had come from San Diego, and had been kept wrapt in moist gunny sacks, which were passed on from one driver to another, with careful instructions each time that the wrappings were to be kept cool and moist. Ice was, of course, unknown in Tucson at that time. Vosburg says that the first ice-cream was sold in Tucson in the summer of 1869. An Italian from Sonora made it, and at a cost of five dollars Vosburg treated his friends to a quart of it. He explains, though, that it was a sort of frozen mush rather than ice-cream.

There was no telegraph at this time, nor were there banks. Each man took care of his money in his own way. Some business men had safes; and Vosburg knew how to open every safe in town, for when a lock got out of order he was the only one who could fix it.

John G. Bourke, the gallant soldier and entertaining writer, describes the leading restaurant in Tucson at this time—the "Shoo-Fly." Here gathered statesmen, army officers, leading gamblers, members of the legal profession, and interesting strangers. The tables were rickety, table-cloth, china and castor—the inevitable centerpiece—were after the manner of the day; the pine benches and leather-bottomed chairs were crude, but there was no lack in good manners and enlightening conversation. Bourke, Safford, Titus, Wasson and Bashford were scholars and gentlemen and would have charmed any table where wit, ideas

and wide experience of the world are given place. The room, of tinted adobe, ceiled with white muslin, had the semblance of decency in spite of defects and crudities. The name, "Shoo-Fly," was indicative of good intentions rather than achieved results, for the place was not flyless. As earnest of good and honest purpose on the part of the landlady, two comely, soft-voiced Mexican boys in white cotton and encircling bright-colored sashes drove away the flies from the front trenches with their fly-flappers, while the guests ate and conversed in elegant leisure. Steady boarders had their regular seats and were supplied with napkins. Transients sat where they could and seemed to have no need of such a frail device of civilization as a napkin.

Outside of Tucson and Prescott a pall of darkness hung over the territory by reason of Apache atrocities. There was no cessation in these outrages. Scarcely a day passed without news of the murder of a rancher, a mail-carrier, a prospector, a herder or an emigrant. If a week went by without such a tragedy the newspaper made special comment.

There is not a little moving to and fro in the territory. Long wagon-trains continually trail across the wide deserts. Each of the great merchants in Tucson has his own wagon-train that brings in goods two or three times a year from the East or from the West. Government wagons, with Tucson as a center, are constantly on the move. After reaching Tucson from Yuma, they distribute their feed, ammunition and army stores to camps Crittenden, Wallen, Bowie, Grant, McDowell and other outlying points where posts have been established to hold the Apaches in check. On an April morning a great cloud of dust and a moving mass may be seen approaching from the West. It proves to be a large herd of beef cattle that Henry C. Hooker has fattened on the Papago Reservation. He is driving these cattle to Camps Grant and McDowell for consumption by the army. A glance to the southward on a May morning reveals somewhere between Tucson and the upper slopes of the Santa Rita Mountains A. Lazard's wagon-train hauling lumber from his saw-mill in the Santa Ritas. He now has a train of twenty-four wagons, and so insistent is the call for lumber in Tucson that even with all these teams he cannot keep up with the demand.

Solomon Warner, now a man of might in Santa Cruz, a village just south of the American border, sometimes takes the road in state. He is always called Don Solomon by the Mexi-

cans. On a certain morning John Spring is accompanying him; for he is enamored of Don Solomon's step-daughter and is going south with the wild hope of gaining her hand:

"By one o'clock P. M. we were on our way to Santa Cruz. Mr. Warner, Pedro, the majordomo, two house servants and myself, all well-armed, rode in the former's traveling carriage drawn by two horses. We were followed by the two repaired wagons, drawn by four mules each, the drivers riding on the near wheelers, while on each wagon rode a well-armed house servant. The rear was brought up by Captain Catterson, who accompanied us on his way to the Patagonia Mines. He was a very jovial companion, known to be a brave frontiersman."

Very likely on such a trip as that described above the travelers would have met or passed a Mexican pack-train. Indeed, Spring on one occasion did meet such a company. He writes:

"As we approached Calabasas we met a party of about ten Mexicans who were driving before them perhaps forty donkeys laden with crates full of oranges and panochas, bundles of sugar cane and jars of sugar-preserved cactus fruit from a peculiar large prickly pear plant called by the Indians and Mexicans 'pitahaya.' They were coming from where they had disposed of part of their wares and were taking the remainder to the market at Tucson."

Business Conditions

So much for the background—the outlying picture of which Tucson is the center. What about life in the metropolis itself? First and foremost we learn that there is life and plenty of it. Tucson is booming. It is not only the military headquarters of the Territory; it is the territorial capital as well. It goes without saying that there is no lack of saloons, gambling places and dance-halls. Alexander Levin's brewery is going at full capacity, also, and is much advertised, though opinion seems to differ as to the quality of beer turned out there. Opinion seems to differ, too, as to whether there is in town a place that actually deserves the name of hotel. There are references to the Rhodes House, the Richardson Hotel, and the Hodges House. In the spring of 1870, the Hodges House (where the Orndorf Hotel now stands) becomes Levin's Hotel, and the following advertisement sets forth its attractions:

> "The building known as the Hodges House has underwent a thorough renovation and is now open to the public under the above name (Levin's). The bed-rooms

are airy and comfortable and neatly furnished—having every accommodation to be found in any hotel between San Francisco and St. Louis."

What these accommodations were are thus described by a traveler of that day: "The charge was one dollar for a plain—very plain meal. Board by the week was rated at $18.00; by the month at $72.00. A room furnished with a cot, two blankets, a pillow stuffed with hay, a chair and a tin basin was reckoned at $1.00 a day; or, rather, a night, as you were supposed to clear out by eight A. M."

There are twelve wholesale and retail stores and all of them are thriving. Some of these stores do a business of ten thousand dollars a week. There are twelve or fifteen smaller establishments, also, such as grocery stores, drug stores, and pawn-brokers' shops, and there are four restaurants. The social and recreational life of the town is dazzling and kaleidoscopic. The saloons are open, week in, week out, day and night, and the gamblers ply their profitable art without intermission. Faro, monte, poker, and seven-up are going all the time in all the saloons and there are eager teamsters, soldiers and miners vieing with each other for a chance to "tickle the tiger." The dance-halls furnished to their patrons, free, the dance-floor, the music, and the girls. In return a man was expected to treat himself as well as his girl to something every ten minutes or so. This double treat would cost the joy-seeker at least fifty cents each time.

"Handsome Charley," one of the most unprincipled of these dance-house proprietors, was charged with poisoning eight girls whom he employed and was haled before a grand jury. A true bill was brought in against him but he somehow got off without punishment. In spite of drink and gambling and roughhouse, shooting and stabbing affrays were not frequent. There were, to be sure, a good many cut-throats and hardened criminals around; once in a while some Mexican would commit a brutal murder and escape into Sonora; and now and then a Mexican stabbing affair would arise through jealousy; but for the most part these Southerners were very soft-spoken, elaborately polite, and generous to a frail or fallen comrade.

Tucson Essentially a Foreign City

The Tucson of 1870 was almost as foreign as any town of like size in Spain, Italy or Portugal. The language, food, dress, amusements, holidays, ceremonials and religious exercises were all absolutely different from what one would find in any village in the West founded by Americans. As yet there was no Prot-

OLD SAN AUGUSTINE CHURCH

Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

estant church, and there were only two or three women of American birth. In February, 1870, Bishop Salpointe took up his residence here, and the following May seven Sisters, of the Order of St. Joseph, arrived from the East (by the way of the West) to open a girls' school in the Convent connected with St. Augustine Cathedral.

St. Augustine was now the dominating center of the community. Says Bourke in **"On the Border with Crook"**:

> "The divisions of the day were regulated and determined by the bells which periodically clanged in front of the Cathedral Church. When they rang out their wild peal for early Mass, the little world by the Santa Cruz rubbed its eyes, threw off the light covering of the night, and made ready for the labors of the day. The alarm clock of the Gringo might have been sounding for two hours earlier, but not one man, woman or child would have paid the slightest attention to the accursed invention of Satan. When the Angelus tolled at meridian, all made ready for the noon-day meal and the post-prandial siesta, and when the hour of Vespers sounded, adobes dropped from the palsied hands of listless workmen, and docile Papagoes, wrapping themselves in their pieces of 'manta' or old 'rebosos,' turned their faces Southward, mindful of the curfew signal learned from the early missionaries."

Social Life

So far as the Americans were concerned, the two supreme centers of aristocratic social life were the Governor's Mansion and Charles O. Brown's Saloon, Congress Hall. When Governor Safford arrived with his wife, and when he returned from a prolonged journey to Washington and New York, he was honored with a "soiree" by the leading citizens. The Spanish-speaking ladies of the city were present and the dancing continued until late into the night. In November, 1870, a party was given for Sidney De Long at Congress Hall, and a few days later, at the same place, Congressman Richard McCormick was entertained. Not many weeks later Tucson received the legislature with an elaborate party at Browns.

But army officers and American civilians in Tucson remembered with the greatest thrill the high-toned Mexican bailes that brought together Tucson's loveliest and brightest. It is

true that these dances were conducted in keeping with the severest canons of Mexican social etiquette. The dark-eyed, sweet-faced **senoritas** eagerly graced these occasions, but always they were strictly attended and closely watched by their elderly chaperones—mothers, aunts and grandams. No matter how wildly the heart of an American cavalier might beat with admiration or love and no matter how certain he might be that the little heart which fluttered so near his own responded to his tender sentiment, not one second was he permitted to have his adored one to himself—and, alas! as the swain could speak little Spanish and the Mexican maiden no English, his state was sometimes desperate. Every young American who writes about the Mexican social customs of that time bemoans the fact that he could not break through the worse than barbed wire entanglements that the alert **duena** threw about the object of his affection. Says one youth who saw much of the social life of Tucson in the seventies: "No flattery would put them in good humor, no cajolery would blind them, intimidation was thrown away. There they would sit, keeping strict, dragon-like watch over the dear little creatures who responded to the names Anita, Victoria, Concepcion, Guadelupe, or Mercedes, and preventing conversation upon any subject except the weather."

Yet there was rare charm and graciousness of manner on the part of the native families. No introductions were needed when once a guest had been admitted to a company. A gentleman could ask whom he would to dance after he had once been given entrance to the hall. Between dances there was little attempt to carry on conversation with one's partner; for after the lady had been taken for a treat of candy or raisins the women would cluster together on one side of the room and the men on the other side. Yet these **bailes** were happy occasions. It was seldom, indeed, that these homeless men looked into the glowing eyes and felt the warm touch of a tenderly-cherished, home-bred, self-respecting girl; and these Mexican girls were just that. There was music—the flute, the harp and the fiddle—and motion and color. The damsels were decked out gaily in the height of fashion. There was the scattering of bright colored tissue paper as the **casorane** was crushed over one's head, and, in short, there was the magic of woman's beauty and woman's wiles.

Tucson's Leading Citizens About 1870

There were men of might in Tucson about 1870. Among those who came very early were several who had risen to prominence—Peter R. Brady, Hiram S. Stevens, Mark Aldrich, Sol-

omon Warner, J. B. ("Pie") Allen, William S. and Granville Oury, Samuel Hughes, Estevan Ochoa and Charles H. Meyer. Brady came to Tucson in 1854. His career was active and varied. Twice he was elected sheriff, and several times he served in the territorial legislature. He ran for Congress in 1871 but was defeated. He was a big man in every way—capable, brave, trustworthy and hospitable. He bore a part in all constructive enterprises during the most trying days.

Stevens, also, came to Arizona in 1854. He had served in the United States Dragoons in New Mexico. Upon his discharge he came West. He was a member of the lower house of the Fifth Legislature, which met in Tucson in 1868, and was a member of the upper house of the Sixth Legislature. In 1874 and again in 1876, he was elected to Congress on the democratic ticket. At that time it was no easy matter for a democrat to gain a seat in the National Legislature. But Hiram Stevens "knew his onions." In the histories of Colonel James H. McClintock and Thomas E. Farish we get an insight into the influence exerted by the professional gamblers at that period. These historians both explain that Stevens selected as his shock troops in his hardest campaign the "knights of the green cloth." For years Stevens was a post trader; he realized large returns on beef and hay that he supplied to the Government; he stocked his ranch near town with fine cattle; he made loans at two per cent a month; and he made money at mining. When he went to Congress the last time he was one of the richest men in the territory. He did things in a big, breezy, western way and possessed both the vices and the good qualities of the typical pioneer. He was a man of nerve, was free from boasting, was a crack shot; was energetic and methodical and a leader in all the affairs of the territory.

John B. Allen was a very early but penniless pioneer. He built his fortune on pies. Having once made a start in business he rose rapidly. He was well educated, honest, and much respected as a citizen—a member of the Second Legislature, territorial treasurer from 1865 to 1871, twice elected Mayor of Tucson, a merchant at Tubac and at Tombstone, a farmer in the valley near Sentinel Peak, where he introduced fine cattle and honey-bees; and owned a flour-mill at Altar, in Sonora. While he was still living but looking forward calmly to an inevitable and speedy death, in April, 1899, Zechendorf and Company, who had long known and honored him, presented him with a tombstone on which was inscribed: "John B. Allen. Born

1818. Died 1899. Territorial Treasurer six years. 1865-1871. Mayor of Tucson two terms. A man without an Enemy."

Mark Aldrich moved to Tucson in the latter part of 1855 and remained here until his death in 1873. Before coming West he had three times been elected to the Legislature of Illinois, serving with both Lincoln and Douglas in that body. He was, perhaps, the first American merchant in the Old Pueblo and was the first postmaster and the first alcalde after the Gadsden Purchase. He served in the upper branch of the First Arizona Legislature, and in '66 was re-elected and made president of the Council. He was again elected a member of the Council in '72 Aldrich was a faithful and honorable public servant—a man of quick, clear judgment and wide experience.

William S. and Granville (Bill and Grant) Oury were men of force and fire—Virginians and Secessionists. Bill came in 1856 and engaged in trading and stock-raising. His early years were marked by exploits as dangerous and daring as those of Kit Carson. He was a duellist and Indian fighter. In the fifties he took an active part in efforts to organize the territory, and in the seventies he served as sheriff. A chapter would not suffice to relate his colorful deeds. Grant was younger and came to Arizona somewhat later than his brother. He was both a man of action and one versed in legal lore. In 1857 he headed an expedition into Sonora to try to relieve Crabbe and his filibusters, and in 1861 he went with an armed body of men to save the citizens of Tubac who were on the point of complete extermination at the hands of the Apaches and the Sonora bandits. He was sent as delegate to the Confederate Congress in Richmond when Arizona was seized by the Confederates; was a member of the Third Territorial Legislature and Speaker of the House. In 1880 he was elected delegate to Congress.

Estevan Ochoa was a Mexican by birth, but he became an American citizen and a very loyal one. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and, in consequence, was exiled from Tucson and his property was taken over by the secessionists. He was escorted to the edge of the village, and with nothing but his horse, saddle-bags, rifle and ammunition, was compelled to make his way alone through the Apache infested country to a Union post on the Rio Grande. He returned in triumph with Federal troops. For years Ochoa was a great merchant and freighter. He grew rich, gave with liberal hand to every good cause, and with Governor Safford and Sam

Hughes became one of the chief founders of the public school system in Arizona.

Sidney R. De Long entered Arizona with the California Column in 1862, and remained until his death in 1914. For many years he was post trader at Fort Bowie; was long engaged in freighting and merchandising; published THE ARIZONIAN for a time; was a member of the legislature and the author of A HISTORY OF ARIZONA. Further mention will be made of him as this story proceeds.

Other men who came to Arizona at an early date are William E. Scott, E. N. Fish, Alexander Levin, James Lee, P. R. Tully and Philip Drachman. These men, together with Solomon Warner, Charles H. Meyer, Samuel Hughes and M. B. Duffield, are alluded to more fully in other pages of this book.

Between 1870 and 1871, four men stood out pre-eminently —Hon. Coles Bashford, Governor A. P. K. Safford, John Wasson, Surveyor-General of Arizona, and Judge John Titus. It was the time of republican supremacy, and these men were all from the East, and all were Federal appointees. Bashford was born in New York, but early moved to Wisconsin. He was one of the founders of the Republican Party. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Wisconsin. He came to Arizona in 1864, and served in turn as attorney general, President of the Council of the First Territorial Legislature, and for several terms as secretary of the territory. He was the first lawyer admitted to practice law in the territorial courts. In 1871 he compiled the session laws into a single volume by direction of the legislature. He was elected delegate to Congress in 1866.

In 1871 Judge John Titus succeeded Judge Turner as Chief Justice of Arizona. He was a Philadelphian, with the distinguished bearing and cultivated traditions of the East. Courage, erudition, and high professional ability were characteristic of him. His friend, Governor L. C. Hughes, writing after Judge Titus' death, which occurred October 16, 1878, alludes to him as a man of lofty character, one "who in morals, precept and example stood the peer of all who surrounded him. A giant in intellect, who trod upon the mountain ranges of the law and penetrated the springs of human action."

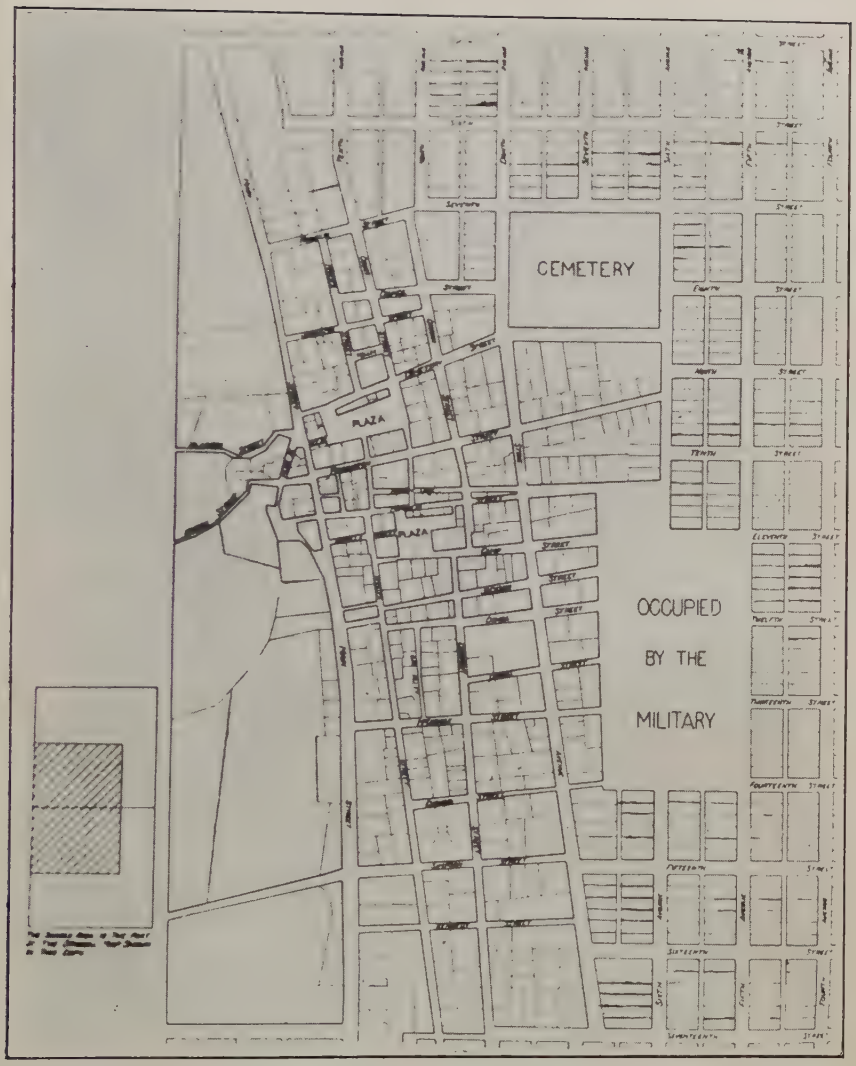
In 1870 President Grant appointed John Wasson Surveyor-General of Arizona. Coming to Tucson at about the time that Judge Titus did and not long after Governor Safford's incum-

bency began, these gentlemen formed an agreeable coterie. Wasson was a native of Ohio. Coming to California as early as 1852, he soon went back to Ohio where he remained about ten years. After 1862, he resided continuously in the far west, serving in various public capacities and editing newspapers in Nevada, Idaho, California and Arizona. He is best known as the founder and editor of **The Tucson Citizen.** In 1874 he married Miss Harriet Bolton, who had come from the far East to teach in the Tucson Public Schools. Mr. Wasson was an able, sober, upright, fearless exponent of good morals and good government.

Governor A. P. K. Safford was a man of diminutive stature but eminent in character and intellect. He bore the sobriquet of "The Little Governor". He was thoroughly inured to the West, having come to Arizona by way of California and Nevada, though he was of Eastern birth and breeding. He had spent a year or more in Europe before he came to take up his duties as Governor of Arizona. In his dress and bearing there was a certain statesman-like dignity and polish. He threw himself heart and soul into the affairs of the young territory—looking out for the interests of all the people and bearing the brunt of the great dangers and hardships of the time. He was greatly honored and respected. It was he who laid the foundations of the excellent public school system of Arizona.

Boom Days

Tucson is growing apace. W. Zechendorf brings in a train of thirteen wagons with every article of merchandise from a diamond breast-pin to a crow-bar—including latest styles of wearing apparel for both sexes. The Tucson Glee Club has been organized and holds its meetings at the home of Don Leopoldo Carillo, who owns a piano. On March 5, 1870, one hundred names are listed (mostly American names) as having unclaimed letters addressed to them here. March 26 a new map of the city is officially received by the council in which a number of streets are named after citizens killed by the Indians. Under date of May 21 the paper reports crowds of strangers in town and business very brisk. Before the end of May twenty-eight new buildings are in process of erection. During the hot month of June a crude street sprinkler is started, but it fails to work. The announcement is made on July 9 that the population is 3,200—no doubt an exaggeration. The above estimate, however, might not have been too high for the month of October, for during that month about six hundred people came in from Sonora—mostly women.



THE FOREMAN MAP OF TUCSON, 1872

On April 20, 1871, about twenty of Tucson's leading citizens petitioned the Board of Supervisors of Pima County for municipal organization, and at the same time called attention to the fact that towns and villages located on public lands were entitled to one thousand nine hundred and twenty acres of free land. This was the first move toward the incorporation of Tucson. An election was held in May, 1871; the town was duly incorporated, and Sidney R. De Long was elected as the first mayor. During his administration a map was ordered and was made by S. W. Foreman. On June 22, 1872, this map was approved and adopted.

CHAPTER VI.

CRIME AND THE COURTS IN TUCSON IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES

By Frank C. Lockwood

Crime was rather common in early territorial days, and legal procedure crude and uncertain. The worst offenders were thieves, vagrants, and cutthroats from Sonora. One of the earliest American magistrates in Tucson was Mark Aldrich. He had as constable a certain fearless and muscular Mexican. These two made it very hot for the baser sort from across the Border. Mark Aldrich had a severe and direct way of dealing with the miscreants whom his peace officer brought before him. A heavy piece of leather had been procured, and after hearing a case, if he was satisfied that the accused was an undesirable citizen, he would announce the penalty—twenty, thirty or forty blows with the strap (well laid on) as the case might be. He would then instruct the constable to lay on—say ten or twenty stripes.

"Now come back tomorrow at this same hour for the other half," he would say to the culprit.

Before noon of the following day the evil-doer, of course, would be well on his way toward Sonora.

The most famous justice of the peace that Tucson had in the early days was Charles H. Meyer. His name is written imperishably in the annals of Tucson. He was a German by birth, and a druggist by profession. He was a man of conviction and loved justice, but knew little law. It was said that his law library consisted of only two books: A volume on MATERIA MEDICA and one on FRACTURED BONES. In a case of great perplexity he diligently consulted these two books. His vigorous and straight forward decisions were so much in the interest of honesty and good order that the worthier members of the legal profession used all their ingenuity to interpret the law in such a manner as to fit the decisions of the judge; though sometimes even very able lawyers found it hard to do this. Of course, to the crooked and pettifogging members of the legal profession Judge Meyer was a terror.

It was Judge Meyer who instituted the chain-gang system in Tucson. Every person convicted in his court was given an opportunity to work for the city for a period long or short. Meyer's salty sentences pleased the law-abiding citizens of Tuc-

son very much, for never before had the streets been kept so clean, and never had the departure of vagrants and thieves been so prompt. Some of the lawyers protested when their clients were summarily committed to the chain-gang, and declared that this was contrary to the Constitution of the United States. To all these complaints Judge Meyer turned a deaf ear.

The ARIZONA DAILY STAR gives a humorous picture of a scene in Justice Meyer's Court one cold December evening. Five dirty and ragged, but healthy looking tramps were brought before him. They were without blankets or other baggage, and money was a thing unknown to them. He welcomed them to the city in a very affable manner, inquired about their health and asked whence they came and whither they were faring. One said he was an electrician.

"Dis city," said the justice with geniality, "has in darkness long avaited your coming."

Two said they were machinists and were skilled in the use of tools.

"Goot," said His Honor, "our picks and shovels vill now no longer vaste mit rust."

A fourth was a fireman.

"Most velcome," beamed the magistrate. "You are a man after mine own heart. These mornings are shilly and de great stove in de yard is seldom varm on my arrival to hold court, but now it will glow mit consuming fuel and vill radiate through tier and cell."

The fifth was a traveler seeking adventure. The hospitable official promised to help him secure it. He smiled benignantly upon them all, assured them that the city was glad that they had come and would keep them.

"I vill order board and lodging for you within the city palace for the night," said he, "and vill promise you that to-morrow you shall have embloyment on the streets of our ancient town."

However, at last, one pettifogging lawyer had the temerity to come before the Court with the demand that his client be given a trial by jury. As the offender was about to be sent to the chain-gang the lawyer interposed:

"My client objects to being tried by this Court on the ground of prejudice and demands a trial by jury."

"Py a shury!" said the Judge. "Phwat is dat shury?"

"He insists that he be tried by his peers," was the reply.

"Oh, he does, does he? Vell, I sentence him to two veeks in de shain-gang, and I sentence you to von veek for disrespect of de Court. Now, how you like dat trial by shury?"

And into the chain-gang they both went.

A rascal named Wolf was brought before Meyer, charged with cheating some Indians out of three dollars. The work on MATERIA MEDICA somehow did not seem to throw light upon this case, so the judge adjourned court in order that he might borrow some law book that would enlighten him, or, perhaps, consult some lawyer whom he could trust. However, after he had adjourned the court temporarily, he said to the accused man:

"Volf, id is de unanimous opinion of dis community dat you are a tief, and dis court coincides in dat opinion."

Wolf shook his fist in the face of the justice and said,

"Judge, I don't let any man speak to me like that!"

"Dis Court fines you ten dollars for raising your fist against it," was the Judge's reply; "and you stand committed into the shain-gang until it is paid."

There was at that time no higher court to which the fellow could appeal, so he sullenly took ten dollars from his pocket and handed it over to the judge. Meyer calmly took it and gave half of it to the constable and the other half to the Indians who had been defrauded.

The ———— Saloon was the most unsavory resort in Tucson. It was a gambling hell and the rendezvous of all the toughs and criminals in the Old Pueblo. One night, rather late, Meyer heard a knocking at the door of his house. He had plenty of enemies, as he well knew, and had been thrtatened with assassination if he remained in town and continued to act as justice of the peace. He was, therefore, cautious about admitting anyone to his house. He went to the front door and opened the little look-out with which all the doors in Tucson were then provided.

"Who is it comes der?" he inquired.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Vat is it you vant?" asked the judge, cautiously.

"I want to give myself up," said the stranger. "I just killed a man down at the ———— Saloon."

"You killed a man?"

"Yes, I killed him. He called me a liar, and you know, Judge, there are things a gentleman can't stand, so I pulled my gun and killed him, and now I want to give myself up."

"You say you killed him at the ———— Saloon? Den, mine frient, you go back der and kill anoder von!" And, forthwith, he went back to bed.

The next morning a dead man was picked up on the street, but the murderer was not to be found.

John Spring vividly depicts the life of Tucson about 1870 in a series of articles he published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE about twenty-five years ago. I am indebted to him for this story, as well as for many other details about early Arizona. The incident now to be related worked to the great discomfiture of one of Tucson's disreputable lawyers who made it a point to stir up litigation whenever possible. As the trial in question involved an amount of only one hundred seventy-five dollars it was held before a police court. In brief the case was this: A man of considerable means, named Walker, hired a horse at a livery stable to ride to the San Pedro Crossing on some business. He stayed over night and returned to Tucson in the afternoon. The horse seemed to be in good condition when he was delivered at the stable, but from some unknown cause the animal died before midnight. The lawyer mentioned above went to the liveryman a few days later and urged him to bring suit against Walker for one hundred seventy-five dollars. Said he:

"You know, this Irishman that works for you is such a blockhead that I can draw him out on the witness stand so that he will say anything I want him to. I will get him to affirm that the horse died as a result of being over-ridden by Walker."

The liveryman was little disposed to press the matter, but finally he was persuaded to enter suit.

When the time came for the trial the lawyer demanded that a jury be called. He had already made certain that the complexion of the jury should be in keeping with his taste. The liveryman told his attorney that he would not testify in the case, inasmuch as he had not noticed that anything was wrong with the horse when it was returned to the stable. The Irish simpleton was placed on the witness stand.

"Do you know Mr. Walker, the defendant?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About four years."

"Have you ever seen him on horseback?"

"Frequently."

"How does he ride?"

"How does he ride?—astraddle, of course."

At this there was a ripple of amusement in the court room, and the lawyer became somewhat flustered.

"That is not what I mean; does he ride fast or slow?"

"Well, now, that depends, you see," drawled the simple Irishman. "If he has a fast horse, he usually goes fast, but, when he has a slow horse, sure he goes slow."

"You must not trifle with the Court; remember you are under oath; I will ask you again: Is the defendant, Walker, a fast or a slow rider?"

Said the witness, with elaborate poise and calmness: "Well, now, Judge, let me explain. If this here Walker is out with a party that travels slow like, he will ride slow. If they ride fast, to be sure, he will ride fast to keep up with them."

"You know very well what I mean!" thundered the lawyer, now red and furious. "How does Walker ride when he is alone?"

"When he is alone? I was never with him when he was alone."

A roar of laughter filled the court room, and the case was dismissed.

Crime was rife in Tucson in the early seventies. Many bloody and brutal murders were committed, yet every murderer made his escape or was saved from deserved punishment by trifling legal technicalities. Decent men and women were in terror of their lives. Sober, self-respecting citizens talked the situation over among themselves and freely predicted that the people would soon take the law into their own hands if matters did not mend. More than once the TUCSON CITIZEN gave solemn warning that, unless criminals were effectively dealt with by regular processes of law, mob law was sure to intervene. And sure enough, unbridled crime in Tucson overstepped itself, and one summer day in 1873 brought down upon itself the heavy hand of public retribution.

In the fall of 1872, at the corner of Convent and Kennedy Streets, Vincente Hernandez and his wife, Librada, opened a general merchandise store and pawnbroker's shop. They came from New Mexico where they had known the Zechendorfs, famous merchants of the Southwest. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was in charge of the Zechendorf establishment in Tucson, knowing Hernandez to be a capable and trustworthy man, had supplied him with an ample stock of goods on credit. In those days it was the custom for every pawnbroker to erect a sign over his shop door. Hernandez named his place PIEDRAS NEGRAS, and displayed as his sign three black stones. He was, indeed, often called Piedras Negras, and sometimes signed papers thus. The young couple were intelligent, much above the average in education, and were very popular. Gentlemanly and agreeable in all his dealings, shrewd and energetic, Hernandez soon found himself in possession of a thriving and paying business. Mrs. Hernandez was beautiful and was known and honored by rich and poor alike for her many deeds of charity.

About midnight, August 6, 1873, Vincente Hernandez and his wife were most brutally murdered in their sleeping room adjoining their place of business, and the store was plundered. The next morning neighbors living nearby and customers who came early to make some purchases found the store still locked. Inquiry soon grew rife. Excited neighbors gathered about the premises, and before long crowds of people came running from every direction to see what the trouble might be.

John Spring, the village school teacher, was passing along the street about eleven o'clock this sad morning when his attention was drawn to the excited crowd gathered about Hernandez's shop. Among others he noticed his friend Horace Appel, the deputy sheriff.

"What's all this stir about, Horace?" he asked.

"The sheriff's office has just been notified that PIEDRAS NEGRAS was broken into last night and Hernandez and his wife murdered. Oury's out of town, so I'm going to see what I can do."

Spring went with him, and to Spring more than anyone else we are indebted for the thrilling details of the whole tragedy as I now relate it. I have the account, also, directly from the lips of Mr. Albert Steinfeld, who had come to Tucson a few months previous to these events, and who was an eye witness

of many incidents described here. The TUCSON CITIZEN also fully reports the circumstances connected with the tragedy.

Shop and residence occupied a single long adobe building. The place of business could be entered by two doors—one opening directly from the street, the other from a vacant lot at the end of the building. There were no windows in either store or dwelling. From the store a door opened into a large room that served both as living room and bed-chamber. There was a door from this room into the walled yard. In the yard, about thirty feet to the rear of the house was a small room used as a kitchen—and, sometimes, as a sleeping-room. The surrounding wall was about five feet high, and anyone looking over it toward the house could see into the living-room, if the back door were open.

When Spring and Appel reached the house the front and side doors were still locked, but through the open door at the rear they could see a number of people standing or moving about, apparently gazing at some horrible spectacle on the floor. The justice of the peace arrived almost simultaneously with the deputy sheriff and Spring, and promptly took in the situation. He appointed two stout men as acting-constables and instructed them to clear the room at once. The August night had been excessively hot, and the couple had evidently left their bed for a cooler place by the wide open door where they had spread a Mexican mat on the floor and covered it with a sheet. They had taken another sheet as a covering. Hernandez's body, wrapped in a bloody, crumpled sheet, lay about four feet from the door. Mrs. Hernandez was found dead in the middle of the room, with no other cover than her long night robe. Hernandez' skull was fractured in several places. Near by, clotted with masses of hair and blood was a heavy, gnarled, mesquite club, the ugly weapon with which he had been brained. His jugular vein had been cut, also, and there were deep wounds near his heart, so it was evident that he had made a brave struggle for his life. Mrs. Hernandez, too, had been beaten over the head with the club, and afterward, to make sure that she was dead, her jugular vein had been severed.

There were bloody footprints on the door-sill; bloody tracks led into the store; and bloody finger-prints stained the counter, the money drawer and the show-case in which the more valuable articles of jewelry in pawn were kept. There had been only a small amount of cash on hand, as large sums were always kept locked up in the Zechendorf's safe. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was well informed concerning Hernandez' business affairs,

found that in addition to about thirty-seven dollars in cash, certain costly jewels and weapons had been taken and also a magnificent saddle and bridle. As the slaughtered couple did not have an enemy in the world, it was plain that robbery was the only motive for the crime.

The officers satisfied themselves that three men had planned the affair in cold blood. One powerful man, they believed, must have wielded the club, while a second one used the knife. It was thought that the third accomplice had remained on guard outside to deal with the Indian girl in case she should awake and give the alarm. They were able to see the sleeping couple through the open door. Two men entered the room, and as they were clubbing and stabbing Hernandez, the wife woke up and ran toward the middle of the room. She was pursued by the man with the club, knocked senseless and afterward her throat was cut. The murderers lighted a candle and probably spent a considerable time in the store. Then they locked the rear door and threw away the key. It was later found in the walled enclosure. It so happened that the Indian girl had spent the night with a relative. When she came in the morning she went about her work as usual. She noticed that the doors were all closed, but thought this was because her employers were sleeping late after a prolonged social evening. At last, rather late in the morning she grew anxious, and went to the house of a neighbor and told them her misgivings. People then began to discuss the situation; and at last, late in the morning, the keeper of a nearby store and liquor shop came and broke in the door. By this time the murderers had had ten or eleven hours to make good their escape.

When the sheriff came back to town at noon, he appointed six deputies and instructed them to use every endeavor to run down the murderers. The Hernandez' were such popular favorites in the town that everybody was eager to help avenge them. A score of men, some of them skilful trailers, set out at once on horseback in every direction hoping to lay hands on the criminals before they could reach the border. An impromptu committee of public safety came together with William Zechendorf as chairman. Large rewards were offered, and the members of the committee pledged themselves to stand by each other to the end. From the first it was generally understood, if the murderers were taken, there was to be no trial except a public one in which the community as a whole should pass judgment, and that if after careful examination proof of guilt was presented, there was to be prompt public execution.

Toward evening a poor Mexican woman, who lived in a hovel on the edge of the river about half a mile from town, came into a grocery store to buy some coffee and sugar. She offered in payment several small pieces of paper money—the fractional currency in use at that time. There were bloody finger prints on this money, and as it was well known that a considerable amount of this small paper money had been in Hernandez' money drawer, a messenger was quickly sent to call Mr. Zechendorf, the woman, meantime, being detained in conversation. Mr. Zechendorf was acquainted with this woman. She had not yet heard of the murder. He asked her to go with him to his office, and at the same time made friendly inquiry about her children and the welfare of her family, and finally led skilfully up to the question.

"Where did you get those 'shin-plasters' you handed out at the grocery store?"

"I got them from an old woman that lives in the shack near me."

"Times must be picking up; I wonder where she gets it?" said the merchant.

Quite unsuspicious, she said, "Oh, she lives with a handsome young man named Saguaripa. She told me he acted quite strange after he got in very late last night."

"What did he do?" Mr. Zechendorf asked.

"Oh, she said he asked for clean clothes and then went down into the river and washed himself, and after that put on the clean clothes. But she said he did not bring back the soiled ones. After he laid down he kept tossing about on his bed and could not sleep. Once or twice he got up and, lighting a candle, looked at his feet and hands, and then he went back to the river and washed them again. She said he went away about daylight. He gave her four or five dollars before he left, and some of the pieces of paper money that I just spent were part of the money he gave her."

Mr. Zechendorf gave the woman a trifle of a present from the store, and requesting her not to say anything about what she had told him, sent her back to her home. Within an hour Constable Frank Esparza had Saguaripa in jail and in chains. To make certain that he should not escape, four men of the committee stood guard over him. When the streets had become quiet, he was taken from the jail and conducted to Hernandez' place. Comparison was made between his hands and feet and the bloody marks on floor and counter. Some of these had manifestly been

made by him. Terror laid hold upon him when he saw that his footprints and finger-marks were identified. He was next taken to the dead bodies that lay prepared for burial, and the faces of his victims were uncovered.

"Will you swear by the 'Holy Cross' that you have had no part in the killing of these people?" demanded his captors.

He was a young man and apparently had not yet become a brazen criminal. He trembled and was as weak as water as he replied:

"For God's sake take me away from here and I will tell you the whole story."

When he was back in the jail he related the circumstances of the crime very much as they had been thought through by the officers first on the scene and as sketched above. He named one Cordova as his accomplice and as the prime mover in the affair. This Cordova was part Mexican and part Opata Indian. He came from Sonora, and it was he who used the club. Saguaripa confessed that he himself had wielded the knife. The third man involved—the one who had been posted on the low wall near the door of the living-room to guard against interruption from the outside—he declared to be Clemente Lopez. He said that as yet only the cash had been divided, and he directed the officers to the place where the saddle and bridle, the pistols and the jewelry were buried. He further said that all three of the murderers were still in Tucson, and gave directions where to find Cordova and Lopez. Cordova was found in a gambling place and at first he resisted the officers sent to arrest him. He was quickly subdued and taken to jail in chains. Lopez when captured was engaged in a game of cancan in a dismal hut on the outskirts of town near the Papago village.

When Cordova in his turn was taken to the scene of the murder and saw demonstrated before his own eyes that his foot and hand exactly conformed with the footprint on the door-sill and the hand-mark on the door-frame, he realized how useless it was to deny his part in the crime. As for Lopez, he was miserably silent and dejected. When allowance had been made for what each of the three men had spent during the day, it appeared that there had been an even distribution of the cash.

So swift and sure had been the work of the committee that twenty-four hours had not elapsed between the murder and the arrest and conviction of all three of the murderers. It is interesting to record that Hernandez' watch was still ticking when

the stolen goods were located and taken from their hiding place. It was near midnight August 7, when the spokesman for the citizens' committee said to the murderers:

"You have been proved guilty of this crime, and you must all prepare to die tomorrow. You need not hope to escape through legal trickery or court delay; there will be no further trial. The people of Tucson have found you guilty, and the citizens themselves will hang you."

In the morning the condemned men were asked if they wanted a priest to come to them in the jail. Saguaripa and Lopez said that they did, but Cordova retorted fiercely,

"Go to Hell! All I want is to have these chains off of me for five minutes until I can choke that hound Saguaripa to death with my own hands, for he has given it all away."

The eighth day of August, 1873, in Tucson was a solemn one, indeed. At eight o'clock the funeral procession bearing the bodies of the murdered couple moved slowly along the main streets while the bells of St. Augustine kept measured accompaniment. Never before in Tucson had so many people assembled for a burial service. All places of business were closed, including saloons and gambling places. Father Jouvenceau officiated. Solemn and mournful as were these final rites for the dead, the purpose of the public to have yet other funerals before night was not in the least softened.

Ten men had been drawn from the committee to carry out the execution. They set two strong, tall, forked posts near the door of the jail, and in the crotches placed a timber about twelve feet long. From it four ropes dangled with nooses at the end—the fourth one for John Willis, a brutal murderer who had been proved guilty, was now under sentence of death, and whose coffin was in the jail yard awaiting his body. At the last moment the committee decided to hang him too, for he had been able to baffle the law through some petty technicality and had succeeded in securing a reprieve postponing the execution.

From the fresh graves of the Hernandez' the whole population came streaming over to the Courthouse Plaza. Mr. Zechendorf mounted a small platform that had been erected in the square and made a brief straight-forward statement to the crowd in which he related each step of the procedure that had been taken by the committee from the time the tragedy became known up to the present moment. He spoke, further, of the lawlessness that existed in the community, the frequent evasion of punish-

ment through delay and trickery in the courts, the insecurity of the jail, and the ease with which bandits and cut-throats had been able to make their escape across the border. He was listened to in profound silence. In conclusion, he put this question:

"I now solemnly inquire of you, the assembled citizens of Tucson, what penalty these murderers deserve?"

The crowd instantly responded, "They must die."

One voice alone was raised in protestation, and it entered objection only in the case of John Willis.

"You can hang a Mexican, and you can hang a Jew, and you can hang a nigger, but you can't hang an American Citizen!"

The speaker was Milton B. Duffield, himself a notorious man—a ruffian and a bully, yet at the same time one of the bravest among the brave. He was rarely sober, and was, of course, well in his cups on this occasion. He was immediately surrounded and hustled away, and at the same time Zechendorf motioned to the squad at the jail door to bring out the condemned men. The wagons that had been provided for this purpose were drawn side by side under the extemporized gallows, and the murderers, each with a black calico cap over his eyes, were lifted into them. The ropes were then adjusted about their necks. At this juncture Cordova asked permission to speak, saying that he desired to confess two former murders he had committed, one a good many years ago, the other very recently in the Salt River Valley. He kept on speaking for so long a time that the crowd grew impatient and anxious. Finally, some one called out:

"Hurry up! Make an end of it, the troops are coming from the Fort."

Instantly the wagons were hauled from under the four men and they swung into eternity—the heavy chains that were still about them serving to hasten their end as they hung all four in a row, quivering between earth and sky.

"The two thousand citizens packed in the Plaza maintained complete silence during the execution, except a scarcely perceptible sound like the faint humming of innumerable bees, that came from the Mexican women, reading under their breath the mass for the dead."*

*—John Spring, NATIONAL TRIBUNE—about 1903.

The Shocking Career of M. B. Duffield

I am now about to relate a sensational series of incidents in the life of M. B. Duffield. This gentleman came to the territory upon its organization in 1864 as United States Marshal. It is not easy to trace his history before that time, though it was spectacular. Duffield was a powerfully built man of magnificent physique and was rather polished in dress and bearing. He bore himself, too, with a certain dauntlessness and assurance that were very impressive—particularly as it was well known that he knew no such thing as fear. As he was at the same time something of a blusterer and bully, and as he always went heavily armed, whenever possible men were accustomed to give him a wide berth.

I must preface my remarks about Duffield with a brief account of another famous Tucson character, Fred Maish, who came to Tucson in 1869. Maish was a boon companion of Pete Kitchen in the declining days of that picturesque personality. As proprietor of the Palace Saloon and one time mayor of Tucson Maish really came to be a man of mark in The Old Pueblo. In stature and girth he was much beyond the usual proportions, and when he spoke he roared like a bull of Bashan. Being somewhat illiterate, and depending chiefly upon the sound of a word, rather than its printed form, he often made ludicrous blunders in speech—the more so as he was of German extraction. For example, one of his friends, a ranchman, was doing the best he could to father a boy in his 'teens who had somehow strayed out into the Southwest. The youth was yellow and puny in spite of all his protector was able to do for him. The man was explaining this to Maish, and worrying over the backward condition of his charge.

Said Maish, "If he was my boy, I know what I'd do to cure him."

"What would you do, Fred?" the rancher asked.

"Why I'd give him sasafas and tinkle of iron."

Pete Kitchen's spleen was out of order and he was thought to be on his dying bed. Some cow-boy friends one day came tiptoeing into the sick room, awkwardly whirling their hats in their hands in an abashed way. Dr. Handy, John Rockfellow and Fred Maish were ministering as best they could to the exigencies of the situation—the latter in characteristic manner tramping up and down the room with occasional loud explosions of speech.

"Fred, what seems to be the matter with Pete?" one of the cow-boys asked.

"Oh!" roared Maish, "Doc says his screen's out of whack."

At the time of the following incident Fred Maish had resided in Tucson only a short time, so had not yet attained local fame. The story comes by way of John Spring, who was at this time keeping bar for Levin at or about the spot where the Orndorff Hotel now stands. One evening a fine old gentleman came in, and sitting down at a table called for a glass of whisky. This, as Spring learned later, was M. B. Duffield, at that time Inspector of United States Mails for the Territory of Arizona—an office that he filled with great efficiency. The three barroom doors were all wide open. Very soon a man passed by the front door. Duffield instantly leaped out of the front door like mad and in less than a minute was engaged in a fist fight with the passer-by. Blows fell thick and fast for two or three minutes, when the man who had been attacked broke, and running into a back street, seized a rock and threw it at Duffield who, strange to say, did not pursue his enemy. Duffield now limped back into the saloon and slumped down into his chair in great pain. His injury was not due to the rock that had been hurled at him; it had missed him, but he had made a false step as he rushed out onto the street and had broken his ankle. It was in this condition that he had carried on the fight. Spring now went to the door and called for help. A constable appeared who had been a witness to part of the affray. By this time, Duffield was in a state of collapse and had to be carried to his room. The officer knew both of the combatants and he took Spring's name as a witness.

The man who had been assaulted proved to be Fred Maish, whom Duffield had hired to plaster and calcimine some rooms. The quarrel had originated several weeks before when Duffield found fault with the job and refused to pay. Maish had repeatedly dunned him for the amount and the outcome was the street fight. But this was far from ending the matter. As a result of what the constable had seen and heard at that time, it appeared that the two men had agreed to meet in a regular duel with firearms. Somewhat later, largely from information furnished by this constable, Duffield was arrested and brought before a grand jury, since according to the statutes of that time, known as The Howell Code, duelling was an offense beyond the jurisdiction of a justice of the peace. So the men were both put under bond to keep the peace and ordered to appear before the district court at its next session.

The trial was called in October, 1871. Duffield was charged with openly challenging Maish to a duel. When he was asked to stand up to hear the reading of the indictment, McCaffery, the District Attorney, a shrewd lawyer, stepped forward and requested the clerk to delay the reading. He then demanded of the Court that, before the case should proceed further, the defendant be disarmed. No weapons were in sight but everyone knew that Duffield always went about with numerous firearms concealed upon his person. Almost before the District Attorney had worded his request, Duffield drew a brace of Colt revolvers and leveled one of them at the judge and the other at the sheriff at the same time saying:

"The first man that touches me falls dead!"

While he was in this pose McCaffery stepped quietly up behind him, placed a Derringer against his spine and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire, and lucky was it for the district attorney that Duffield's attention was so taken up with the judge and the sheriff that he did not know what was going on behind his back. The situation was very tense, but, though the color left Judge Titus' face, he did not lose his presence of mind.

"Mr. Duffield, you are under bonds until the trial is over. I shall postpone the case until one o'clock p. m., this day, when you will appear here again, and I warn you now to present yourself before this Court without any weapons whatsoever, visible or concealed. You may now retire."

As soon as Duffield had taken his departure, the judge ordered all the officers of the court and others taking any official part in the trial, to return at one o'clock, carrying, openly, either pistols or rifles. When the court re-convened it looked more like an assemblage of minute men that a law court. Walking to the judge's desk, Duffield declared that he was unarmed. No doubt word had reached him of what he might expect if he presumed any further upon the dignity of the court and the course of justice. The trial now proceeded in an orderly way. The old ruffian was compelled to pay a heavy fine and was placed under a thousand dollar bond to keep the peace for a year.

But peace and sobriety were experiences unknown to M. B. Duffield. To round out his turbulent career I must append a few more of his misdeeds and misfortunes. Some of them antedating the incidents described above. The following comment, referring to Duffield, appeared in THE ARIZONIAN of March 26, 1870: "Although the major's hostility to us evinced itself

upon only six or eight occasions, yet it is true that he seemed inclined to make every man his enemy." A few days afterward, Duffield and the editor met in a saloon, and Duffield, with the most dire threats and oaths, swore that he would crush the newspaper man to a pulp and sweep him from the face of the earth.

About two months later, June 25, at two o'clock in the night, Duffield was attacked in cold blood by two Mexicans while he was asleep in bed. The purpose was to murder him and steal his horses and other property. The assault was made apparently with a dagger and a hatchet. Before he could gain an upright position he had received a very severe wound on the left shoulder. One of the weapons severed the thumb of his right hand, but seizing his revolver with his left hand, Duffield made the best defense he could, finally driving off his assailants, though not until they had inflicted eleven wounds, two of them very deep.

One would suppose that after such an experience as this the fight would all be out of the old man, and, indeed, he never was quite the same afterwards, yet, from the temper of the following communication published in THE ARIZONIAN of March 18, 1871, it is easy to surmise that he would still find trouble along the way:

"Mr. Dooner—Sir: As I have heard of some abusive article in a low-lived paper in this town, called, I believe, the 'Citizen', and which I do not descend to read, I would ask that you please publish the enclosed letter which is a true copy of one written and handed to me by Hon. J. Titus; it will explain itself. I wish it published simply for the benefit of the old, gray-headed vagabond, reprobate and cowardly villian, J. Wasson, surveyor-general, and editor of the above named imbecile sheet, whose lifetime of low villainy and cowardice has caused the Almighty to even turn the hair of his head white at a premature age, as a caution to the world that he is marked to be avoided.

Do this and oblige M. B. Duffield."

Then follows a commendatory letter from John Titus, dated March 29, 1869, to the Postmaster-General of the United States supporting Duffield for the Special Mail Agency of the Pacific Coast.

Duffield met a violent death near Tombstone (according to Charles D. Poston) in 1875. But John G. Bourke, in ON THE BORDER WITH CROOK, assigns a date several years later. He laid claim to an interest in the Brunckow mine, which a certain Mr. Holmes was in possession of. Duffield came out to the

property to make good his claim, when he was confronted by the property owner and warned not to approach a step farther. Duffield, however, calmly and steadily continued to advance. Holmes raised his double-barreled shot-gun and told him that if he approached a step nearer he would shoot. Duffield still continued to advance, when Holmes shot at him at close range and killed him. Duffield's reputation for belligerency was so well established that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide and let Holmes go free.

CHAPTER VII.

Civilization Comes Full Circle

By Frank C. Lockwood

Being now an incorporated town with a population of three thousand or more Tucson, step by step, came to enjoy the comforts and conveniences, and the educational, aesthetic and religious advantages of other western cities. A well-known figure on the streets was the water-carrier, Irish Martin Toughey, with his mule and water cart. He drew it from the delicious spring just north of the Elysian Grove, in the hollow to the west of the Wishing Shrine. In November, 1873, Hiram S. Stevens erected the first windmill in Tucson in his backyard, and just about the same time, perhaps a little earlier, Mr. L. C. Hughes sowed grass-seed on his lawn and began growing shade-trees. March 16, 1872, the Fifth Cavalry Band gave a musical concert of very high order in Tucson, and March 30, of the same year, J. S. Mansfeld advertised the opening of a circulating library at his Pioneers News Depot. November 1, 1873, a meeting was called to organize a Young Men's Literary Society. From this time on the club met regularly every week, and young Mr. Albert Steinfeld's name appears as one of the members who early took a place on the program. Early on the morning of December 2, 1873, the first telegram was received in Tucson, coming over the military wire that General Crook had just completed by way of Yuma.

Schools and Churches

Sometime during 1867 Augusta Brichta was placed in charge of a public school in Tucson—the first one ever conducted here. The trustees were W. H. Oury, J. B. Allen, and W. W. Williams. The school was attended by fifty-five boys and ran for about six months when it was closed for lack of funds. About July 7, 1869, in the Hodges House, a school was opened under the direction of two ladies and a gentleman from Sonora. Says THE ARIZONIAN of July 10, 1869, "During the day the young idea is instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and toward evening a second relief falls in to study vocal and instrumental music. We wish these enterprising people every success and may they receive sufficient patronage to induce them to remain with us." As no further notice of this experiment appears in future issues of the paper, we suppose that the little spark went out in darkness.

However, the time was now almost at hand when worthy and flourishing schools were to be founded, both for girls and boys—institutions that have continued to live and grow from that day to this. As early as May, 1869, there is a news local to the effect that Mrs. W. S. Oury, Mrs. J. Fernandez, and Mrs. J. Anderson had been exerting themselves so unceasingly that they had almost completed an attractive school building for girls, by donations from the public. This school was known as the Convent, and on June 7, 1870, several Sisters of St. Joseph, who reached Tucson in May, coming by way of California and Yuma, opened a school in the Convent in Church Plaza. The school prospered at once, and from that day to this has been a source of great pride to the citizens of Tucson. But as yet Tucson had never had a successful free public school. This came at last, March 4, 1872. There was a note in the paper in November, 1871, to the effect that the trustees of the district were preparing to open a school, and on November 15 of that year the supervisors authorized the expenditure of not more than $16.00 a month for the renting of a building, and not more than $300.00 to furnish it with desks, blackboards, etc. The building secured was at the northwest corner of Meyer and McCormick Streets. John Spring was the teacher employed. Thirty-four students—all boys—were enrolled the first day, but at the end of three months this number had doubled. The leading citizens, both Mexican and American, took a deep interest in the school from the first. A group of prominent men, including Gov. A. P. K. Safford, Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Dr. R. S. Wilbur, and Messrs. F. S. Leon, J. M. Elias, Joaquin Telles, Rufijio Pecheco, Leopoldo Carrillo, Francisco Romero, Francisco Ruelas, Leonardo Apodaco, Sam Hughes and John Wasson, visited the school on April 16, and did much to inspire the boys to secure an education. They were astonished and delighted to notice the progress that had been made during the few weeks the school had been operating. At the opening of the second term the building would not hold half of the pupils.

It was not until early in February, 1873, that the first free public school for girls was opened in Tucson. The school was conducted in a room in the Old Pioneer Brewery Building by Mrs. L. C. Hughes, who had recently come from Pennsylvania. It began with only three pupils, but by the end of the first month there were about thirty enrolled. The session closed the last of April, and though there was still some money in the treasury, Mrs. Hughes announced that her health would not permit her to conduct the school longer. The girls had made very satisfactory progress.

The trustees and Governor Safford at once began to bestir themselves to find new women teachers. They heard of a good teacher in Stockton, California, Miss Maria Wakefield, and were able to persuade her and her friend, Miss Harriet Bolton, to come to Tucson as teachers. These ladies began their work November 6, 1873. They had both served in the schools of our neighbor state for four years and were among the best teachers in the West. They taught the boys and girls in separate rooms, one taking charge of the boys and the other of the girls. There was an average attendance of fifty boys and twenty-five girls this year.

Writing to the commissioner of education in November, 1873, Governor Safford says: "The average price paid to teachers is one hundred dollars. They are mostly females. I prefer them for several reasons." He gives as his second reason that "they are not so liable (as men) to become dissatisfied with their occupation and change to other duties which they consider more profitable." Wise as he was in the ways of men, Governor Safford seems never quite to have discerned the inwardness of woman's heart and mind. Before the school year was over both of these excellent young women who had come to dare the desert, face the Apaches, and lead the soft-eyed, gentle-voiced little Arizona children in the paths of learning, married two of the leading men in the territory; Miss Wakefield became the wife of Mr. E. N. Fish and the mother of Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, and Miss Bolton married the Governor's intimate friend, John Wasson, the Surveyor-General of Arizona.

Step by step with the schools the influence of the Protestant Churches began to be felt. Few and far between were the services held by Protestant ministers in these early days, but as soon as American families began to move in zealous preachers came also. THE ARIZONIAN of April 11, 1869, announces that Rev. J. W. Fleming, from Florence, will hold services in the court house on Sunday. In the spring of 1872 General O. O. Howard visited Tucson, and with him was Rev. E. P. Smith, at that time Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Howard writes in his book "My Life Among Our Hostile Indians":

> "Nine-tenths of the people of Tucson were Mexicans. For them the Roman Catholics had a very respectable church edifice full of images and pictures appropriate to their faith. There being no other church in Tucson, my friend and companion, Rev. E. P. Smith, was asked to hold a Protestant service. He did so in

a hall, where during the first Sabbath the English-speaking people, almost without exception, gathered to listen and participate."

January 26, 1873, and again, February 2, Rev. Mr. Reeder preached in the courtroom, and at the close of the February service a Bible class was organized with Judge Titus as teacher. May 23, 1874, a local in the CITIZEN announces that the Episcopal Bishop Whittaker, of the Diocese of Nevada and Arizona is in town and will hold divine services in the court house the following Sunday evening. Good seed must have been sown at this time, as in April, 1875, the same paper states that services of the Episcopal Church will be held in the court house, by Rev. F. O. Barstow, every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. until further notice.

However, the Presbyterian Church was the first Protestant organization to gain a permanent foothold in The Old Pueblo. The Hon. John P. Clum calls my attention to this quotation from the LIFE OF REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D. "Last Sabbath (in April, 1876) I held the first Presbyterian service * * * and organized the first Presbyterian Church ever organized in the Territory. Services were held in the court house with an attendance of about one hundred. John P. Clum, formerly elder at Santa Fe, was made ruling elder * * * They hope to build by next fall an adobe church with board floor. The whole Protestant element of the community gives the new movement their hearty sympathy. Sabbath afternoon the Governor was invited to dine with me, and in the evening we had a praise meeting. They have a number of good singers among the citizens." Mr. Clum states that an organ was used at that service which he had shipped from San Francisco to San Carlos in 1875, and had later presented to this congregation.

From early September, 1877, there were frequent notices in the paper that Rev. J. E. Anderson was holding regular preaching services in the court house each Sunday, followed by afternoon Sunday school. At first it is not clear what denomination he is leading. The Protestants of the community all seem to be co-operating cheerfully and liberally without reference to denominationalism. Mr. Anderson was evidently an earnest, eloquent, broad-minded Christian minister, popular with all sects and classes. November 12, 1877, his organization came together and took steps to found a Presbyterian Church. At this time a board of trustees was elected consisting of W. W. Williams, Samuel Hughes, John Wasson, E. N. Fish and F. L.

Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

DUST TO DUST—RUINS OF FORT LOWELL

Austin. At once plans were made for the erection of a church building. The city offered to sell a suitable lot for the church in the western part of the Court House Plaza for $350.00. On May 23, 1877, Mr. Anderson states that this proposition has been accepted. Without delay work was begun on a structure 28x58 of stone and adobe. Two parlors were built at the rear of the audience room, 16x20. The corner stone was laid June 16, 1878.

Next in order came the Methodist Episcopal Church. This society was organized October 12, 1879, by Rev. George H. Adams. The following were the nine foundation members: Robert Eccleston, William G. Mills, Alfred D. Otis, Kate B. Otis, Adria Buckalew Preston, Mrs. C. Wilt, Laurie Seawell and Mrs. E. J. Hughes. The first Board of Trustees consisted of W. G. Mills, A. D. Otis, Robert Eccleston, Samuel Hughes and Thomas W. Seawell. Among the early pastors of this church, serving in 1882-3, was Rev. Joseph F. Berry, later a bishop of the Methodist Church.

April 7, 1881, the First Baptist Church of Tucson was organized by Dr. Uriah Gregory. There were six charter members, but the records of the organization preserve only the names of Dr. and Mrs. Gregory. The recognition services were held in the old Presbyterian Church, Sunday, May 15, 1881. The old adobe structure on North Stone Avenue, near Council street, the first meeting house erected by the congregation, was dedicated June 22, 1882. Dr. Gregory remained as pastor of the Church continuously until 1888.

The Congregational Church was organized in November, 1881. The first pastor was Rev. L. B. Tenney, who served in 1881-2. The charter members were Charles E. Dailey, Louise M. Dailey, Mattie E. Davis, Sarah B. Stiles, Theodore L. Stiles, Stella E. Buehman (nee Morehouse), Mary J. Hall, Adolph G. Buttner and Mary L. Williams (nee Tenney).

Social and Recreational Life of Tucson in the Late Seventies

Life in Tucson never seems to have been dull, and the social instincts seem to have had free and full indulgence. THE ARIZONIAN, THE TUCSON CITIZEN and later the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR with wit, breeziness and vivacity chronicle the weekly scene and shoot folly as it flies. Indeed, the newspapers must have constituted a chief enjoyment of the time.

There was no more vivid center of life in Tucson in the days of which I write than Fort Lowell. The post was established, May 20, 1862, as Camp Lowell, in the suburbs of Tucson, about five hundred yards east of the village—that is, in the space now occupied by the Santa Rita Hotel and Library and Armory Parks. The post was evacuated September 15, 1864, but was reoccupied in May, 1865. August 26 it was made a permanent post and was named Camp Lowell, in honor of Brigadier General C. R. Lowell, killed at Cedar Creek, Virginia, duing the Civil War.

March 28, 1873, an order was issued directing that Camp Lowell be removed to a site about seven miles northeast of Tucson on Rillito Creek. The reservation on which the fort was now built included seventy-eight square miles, or 49,920 acres. The military reservation of Camp Lowell was announced in General Order 33, Department of Arizona, November 26, 1875. The name of the post was changed from Camp Lowell to Fort Lowell, April 5, 1879. July 2, 1882, an ordnance depot was established at Fort Lowell. July 8, 1882, since the fort of late had been used primarily for quartermaster and ordnance stores, the commanding general of the army gave it as his opinion that it was no longer needed as a frontier military post. About January 15, 1891, it having been rumored that the fort was to be abandoned, Tucson citizens petitioned for its retention. On January 28, the Secretary of War decided that there was no longer need of a military post there, and on February 14, 1891, the post was abandoned. February 24, the President ordered that the War Department transfer the reservation to the Interior Department. Accordingly, on March 6, 1891, in War Department General Order No. 24, the transfer was announced. April 10, 1891, the fort and reservation were given over by the military authorities.

The facts as stated above were conveyed to me in a letter from the War Department, the Adjutant General's Office, under date of April 12, 1930.

As there were from two to four companies always stationed at Fort Lowell there were of course many officers—some of them with wives and families in residence there, so it was Tucson's most brilliant social asset. We learn from a newspaper item of June 26, 1875, that the fort had been in process of building for two years. Up to that time the Government had spent $19,000 in this work, but it was expected that $10,000 more would be required to complete the plans. There were

seven sets of officers quarters, two sets of quarters for infantry and one for cavalry companies, one for the regimental band, and, in addition, suitable, well built offices for the post adjutant and quartermaster, storehouses, guardhouse and corrals. It was one of the very best posts in the territory. Ladies and gentlemen from Tucson were frequently invited to some social festivity at the fort, and, on the other hand, officers and their wives added to the gaiety of fashionable parties given in town.

At the quarters of the post sutler, on the evening of April 27, 1875, the officers of the Eighth Infantry gave a stirrup cup entertainment to the officers of the Fifth Cavalry, who were on the point of leaving the post. As the account of this event given in the TUCSON CITIZEN is a good example of the social life of that day, and also well illustrates the journalistic manner of the time, I quote the item:

> "The building was tastefully decorated and from the main entrance shown down upon the entering guest the names in illuminated letters of Col. W. B. Royall and Captain Emil Adam, and Lieutenants W. C. Forbush and C. H. Rockwell. Invitations had been issued to the various ladies and gentlemen and these, added to the society of the camp, made a "goodly company." All went merry as a marriage bell. The music by the Fifth Cavalry Band couldn't help but be good; the dances were happily arranged; the ladies were good-natured the men were more bearable than usual (several of them brought out new neckties, but space will not permit description of these), and in fact all who were present felt that it was good for them to be there. The supper and wines were excellent, and altogether when the party broke up, 'just before the dawning,' the officers who gave and the officers who received this compliment had a large addition made to the pleasant memories of their lives."

To show that joyousness and tragedy were near of kin in those stirring days, I here add a story that Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts tells. This incident took place a few years later than the event recorded above.

> "One evening, Father and Mother were invited out to Fort Lowell for dinner. When they got ready to come home, as the Apache Indians were very bad at that time, General Carr said he had better send an escort with them. Mr. Robinson, the other man who was

there, said, 'I won't wait for an escort, I can drive into town in twenty minutes.' My father stated that he also could drive in in twenty minutes if Robinson could, but mother said, 'No, we had better not take the risk. I am not willing to go.' Mr. Robinson started out ahead and mother and father came in slower with the escort. When they got into town mother was worried about Mr. Robinson, so she inquired about him. Upon investigation they found his span of horses waiting at the gate to be let in, and his body lying in the bottom of the buggy. It was a warm evening and there was a light breeze blowing. The supposition is that his coat blew back and exposed the bosom of his stiff white shirt as an excellent target for the Indians."

Levin's Park vied with the fort as a center of colorful activity and social enjoyment. Alexander Levin was a Prussian by birth and a brewer by occupation. He came to Tucson in 1863. He was a man of boundless circumference and activity. We find him incessantly occupied in buying and selling, building and tearing down, renovating and refitting, enlarging, planting, brewing, feasting and advertising. His brewery was early famous, and from time to time we see from his advertisements that he is running a hotel, is opening a new bar-room, has bought a new saloon. His fame reached its zenith in the development of Levin's Park, located at the foot of Pennington Street on the land adjoining the Santa Cruz stream (there was then no ugly river embankment).

In March, 1875, Levin experimented with eucalyptus trees in his gardens—planting them in all sorts of soil and at all depths. He had pepper trees, also. He planted hundreds of cottonwoods, and had many varieties of roses, pinks, and other kinds of flowers. The dancing pavilion was surrounded by beds of aromatic flowers; the walks were graveled—and the whole surroundings were attractive. The park contained about seven acres—all fenced and with a guard at the gate so that the guests were not subject to disagreeable intrusion. Almost every convenience and device conceivable for the entertainment of man—and woman too—that was possible in such a remote desert were provided. There was a skating rink, bowling alley, shooting gallery and dancing pavilion. Drinks and refreshments were dispensed on the premises, and benches and tables were conveniently distributed in agreeable and shady spots. Levin was one of the very first to introduce ice as a Tucson luxury. Celebrations of every kind were observed here, and

Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

PARK HALL—LEVIN'S GARDENS

there were frequent band concerts of high order. Fashionable private balls were given in the pavilion, and also dances of a semi-public nature, for all of which Levin provided music of excellent quality. The string band of the Sixth Cavalry gave particular delight to Levin's patrons. It was said that this orchestra provided the best music to be enjoyed in the Southwest, rendering the lancers and the fashionable German—much to the satisfaction of Tucson's elite. In the fall of 1878 Levin began the erection of Park Hall, for use as a theater. It was planned to seat 2000 people, and was Tucson's first attempt at a real theater and opera house. After the coming of the railroad good stock companies played here, and occasionally the community was able to secure good light opera. In that building Joseph Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle, and many other actors of reputation appeared here.

Up to a recent date, from time out of mind, August 28 was celebrated in Tucson as the chief festal day of the year—that being the date upon which Augustine, patron saint of Tucson, died. No other annual event vied with this. People from a hundred miles around came flocking to Tucson, from village and country-side, to take part in this great festival. Nor was the celebration limited to a single day. In the seventies and eighties from ten days to two weeks were whiled away in noise and merry-making. Visitors from a distance would come with their blankets and coarser articles of food and sleep in the Plaza or on the desert. In town all ordinary business affairs were suspended during the festal period. Scant time was given to religious observance—the early mass in the Cathedral on the morning of the twenty-eighth sufficing for this. From that time on the community thought of nothing but eating, drinking, dancing, gambling and every other sport that the mind of man could conceive. There was not much quarrelsomeness and downright drunkenness, but at the close many a visitor and citizen went home aching and swollen as to head and much flattened as to fortune.

About 1875, the Americans being now in control, the city saw a chance to secure revenue from the Feast of St. Augustine, so the city fathers designated the old Parade Grounds, now the site of the Santa Rita Hotel, as the place for the festivities, and auctioned the right to conduct the fiesta to the highest bidder. He then sold the various concessions as he saw fit. "One of the best loved attractions was the "Raw-hide Band," consisting of two violins, a guitar or two and a bass drum—always a bass drum. The music produced by the Mexican musicians from these

instruments was the greatest attraction of the fiesta. A ramada or grass-thatched shed was constructed for the dancing, and always achieved the name of the "bull-pen." The ramada occupied the center of the grounds and around it were placed the various concessions, in booths, tents and stands, where games, foods, dainties of all sorts and curious objects might be purchased and played."

We now get back to Alex Levin. By the late seventies he had developed his park to the attractive condition described above. What more natural than that he should desire to cater to the wide range of enjoyment ushered in by the Feast of St. Augustine. He went about it very astutely. He let the city fathers proceed as usual to auction off the concessions, but, for his part, he engaged a wandering opera troup to come and discourse sweet music at the park—and besides he had cold beer on tap. As a result, the fiesta this particular year was held in Levin's Park, and thereafter the city officers were not able to compete with him. It continued year after year to be a gay, colorful and prolonged celebration—dominated by the sentiment and customs of the Latin world. The carnival spirit prevailed and while there were excesses it was not often that affairs grew riotous. About a generation ago, when public opinion turned strongly against gambling, the fiesta was abolished so that few Americans now in Tucson remember it in its heyday.

Street Life Between 1875 and 1885

For the true interpretation of life on the streets, in the stores and public places of Tucson, just preceding and following the coming of the railroad, we have come to look to a half dozen natives or near natives who were children or very young people at that time. Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, a native daughter, has many anecdotes of those days, and much intimate knowledge of the home life, the church and the schools at that time. For example, this account of the Annual Balls of The Arizona Pioneer Society:

"I am not sure that there were Pioneer Balls anywhere except over the present Orndorff Hotel, which was then the Cosmopolitan. When the building was first built it was only one story. It was divided in half. The west room was used for dancing at these balls, and the east room was used as a banquet hall. The south side of the entrance was taken up with a stairway, back of which was the cloak room, and that was the passageway from the dancing room to the banquet hall. To the

Pioneers' Ball every member of the family was invited, whether a few weeks old or very aged. I went into the dressing room one evening and stumbled over a little bundle on the floor, and found that a baby was wrapped in it. There were a lot of these little rolls pushed back there under their blankets. They were rolled up and tucked away where people wouldn't step on them. One night one of the babies began to cry. I was terribly worried, because I thought the right mother wouldn't know it was her baby crying, but she came and quieted the baby.

"I do not remember of any occasion when my father did not call off the dances. The Virginia reel, the lancers, the quadrille, and the waltz were the principal dances. In one corner of the room the young children had their own square dances. We used to have lots of fun. The banquet table at these dances was always laden with turkeys, mince pies and Mexican eats (prepared by the best of cooks) and the finest of wines. After the party was over everyone was expected to carry home all they could. They would come with a white cloth and just fill it full of whatever happened to be left. By the time the banquet hall was emptied there wasn't much left to eat."

It has been customary to dub Mr. Mose Drachman Tucson's official pioneer. In a way he is a native son, since his father and mother had been permanent residents here several years before he was born in San Francisco. They returned while he was an infant in arms, and from that time he has made his home here continuously. He was an active inquiring boy of the streets in the early eighties who knew everyone and whom everyone knew. I quote some of his remarks about the Tucson of his boyhood. "Tucson was a dead town. You could fire a cannon down Congress Street without fear of hitting anyone. All the buildings were of adobe. The biggest excitement of the day was the arrival of the stage. It would come in at Main Street and drive up to the post office and everyone would gather around. Another big event was the arrival of a freight team. The driver would control his team of sixteen mules with one line. There were three wagons in a train—two of them trailers.

"The number of faro games was the business barometer of that day—three games meant good business; two, not so good; one, poor business. A saloon once open, always open. It required three shifts to operate it. The Fashion Saloon brought in a couple of singing girls and everyone flocked to this place. They were fine looking girls. Men would be introduced to them and then treat them to drinks. There was a private room where

you could drink and talk. All this meant good business for the saloon. At the old Opera House there were variety shows—with girls, singing, dancing—and liquor. The girls would come out to the boxes, singing and giving out liquor. No respectable lady attended these shows. The Opera House was where The Park View Hotel is now.

"The leading men of the town were gamblers and saloon-keepers. So far as being true to their word was concerned, no better men ever lived than these gamblers of Tucson. The men who gave the ground for the university were three old-time gamblers—Ben C. Parker, Milt Aldrich and E. B. Gifford. They were gamblers who never turned a crooked card. I remember when I was a boy that I put a bet down at a roulette wheel. E. C. Haynes, an old time gambler, looked me up the next day and said, 'Young man, if ever I catch you betting in a gambling place again I'll beat you up!' Often, when a boy would slip into temptation that way these men would give him his money back. These gamblers sometimes gave me good advice. Said one of them to me, 'I notice you are taking some interest in politics: never make a promise hastily, but once you make it, never break it. And no matter what a man does for you, you are never under obligation to do a wrong for him.'

"We had boosters then who were known as 'The Sons of Rest.' One needed them in politics. Take 'Frying-Pan Charley.' He was a crazy gambler. One day some one told him his card was about to come up. He ran out of his restaurant with his frying-pan in his hand and made his bet. That was the way he got the name 'Frying-pan Charlie'. One day a man went in and ordered breakfast. 'Frying-pan Charley' said, 'Excuse me a minute, I haven't a thing in the house, and I haven't any money. But if you'll give me some I'll go out and get something for your breakfast and cook it for you.' The man gave him the money and out he went. After a long time the customer got tired waiting for his breakfast and went out to look for him. He found him outside gambling, and already the money advanced for the breakfast was gone."

It would require a chapter to picture the business life of Tucson in the eighties. One need only talk with Mr. Albert Steinfeld, Mr. A. M. Franklin, Mr. George Kitt and other merchants of that day who still live here to learn all about it. There were two rival hotels by that time—the Cosmopolitan and the Palace, and each afforded fairly good accommodations. Life on the streets was primitive in many respects. Papago women

Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

PAPAGO WOMEN WITH *QUIJOS*

sold most of the hay bought by private citizens—carrying great bunches of it into town on their backs in **quijos**, and selling it at five or ten cents a load.

Mr. A. M. Franklin tells very entertainingly of his first experiences with Mexican Dons from Sonora, when he was a newcomer clerking in the store of his uncle, L. M. Jacobs. These Mexican gentlemen would come from beyond the border with pack-trains bearing produce to be exchanged for American goods. A **mozo** would have one burro loaded with **dobe** money —Mexican silver dollars. The customer would have his **mozo** bring the bag of money into the store, and then he would proceed to make his purchases—one article at a time. Having decided to buy a particular article, he would take possession of it, and then have his servant count out the requisite amount of silver. This process he would repeat, paying for each item as he bought it, until he had supplied himself with everything he wanted.

Mr. Franklin tells of an experience he had with a certain Don Juan Salazar—a most dignified and punctilious cavalier from Sonora. Don Juan, while making his purchases as described above, politely asked Mr. Franklin for a light for his cigarette.

"At that time I was smoking the last of my own cigarette and handed it to Don Juan with a bow. He lighted his cigarette from my stub and handed it back to me, with quite a flourish to indicate his thanks.

"Throw it away," I said, as the cigarette was about done for anyway.

"Sir," exclaimed the Don hotly, "Why this insult?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "what insult?"

Don Juan simply give me a withering glance and proudly strode away. The main office of the house had not yet been opened and later Don Juan was seen by me to stroll into the store and go directly to the office of Mr. Jacobs. Shortly afterwards I was called into the office and bluntly asked:

"What occasion was there for you to insult Don Juan?"

I was very much astonished and replied, "If I insulted Don Juan I assure you Mr. Jacobs it was unintentional. I do know, however, that he took offence at something."

"Just repeat what occurred," Mr. Jacobs asked.

I told him.

"Do you not know that when you hand your cigarette to anyone for a light that the proper and courteous thing to do when the cigarette is returned to you is to take it and continue to smoke it?"

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Jacobs."

"It's very simple. When you told Don Juan to throw your cigarette away after he had lighted his own from it, you were implying that it had been polluted and you had no further use for it. That is the way he looked at it. You were practically accusing him of contaminating your cigarette by contact with his fingers."

Knowing what a good customer Don Juan was and that he was a thorough gentleman I offered my apology to him. We shook hands, the Don bowed like an old time cavalier, and we parted the best of friends.

Coming of the Railroad and the University

For decades Tucson had longed mightily for a railroad. From 1870 on discussion is rife and hope grows ever stronger. Finally, on March 20, 1880, at 11:00 a. m., the first railroad train enters the ancient pueblo. It is a special and carries Mr. Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific, and a score or more of the other officers of the road, together with other distinguished visitors. Thousands of citizens had gathered at the station to see this first train enter the town. During the day excitement ran high. Says the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR, "the guests were received amidst the roar of cannons and martial music, toasts, speeches and a grand soiree." W. S. Oury gave the speech of welcome. Estevan Ochoa presented the president of the road with a silver spike, made by Richard Gird's own hand from the first bullion produced by the Tough Nut Mine. The banquet at Park Hall in Levin's Gardens was the supreme event of the day, though the ball in evening vied with it in splendor. Charles D. Poston presided as toastmaster and the witty, inimitable Thomas Fitch was the chief oratorical star of the occasion.

A high point in the proceedings was the interchange of telegrams between other cities and with various dignitaries. The President of the United States, General Fremont, and the cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco were notified that Tucson was now connected with the outside world. Then it was proposed very likely by Tom Fitch, that a message be dispatched to the

Pope. The telegram was accordingly sent, Bishop Salpointe joining Mayor Leatherwood in this greeting. It read as follows:

"To His Holiness, the Pope of Rome, Italy,

"The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding Your Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago and to inform Your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world.

"Asking your Benediction:

"R. N. LEATHERWOOD, Mayor,
"J. B. SALPOINTE, Vic. Ap."

In due time, when the jollification was at its height, Fitch arose and read the following reply:

"Leatherwood, Mayor,
"Tucson, Arizona.

"It gives the Pope much pleasure to know Tucson is connected with outside world by rail. But where in H--l is Tucson?"

The mayor and many of the banqueters had by this time reached such a state of mind that the hoax was not questioned. But in the sober and cold light of the day after the mayor realized that he had been victimized.

In January, 1877, the capital was removed from Tucson to Prescott. The Old Pueblo could not reconcile itself to this loss, and each time the legislature met the main issue was whether Tucson should recover its lost treasure. After Pima County had elected its representatives to the Thirteenth Legislature in the fall of 1884, Mr. J. S. Mansfeld, a prominent citizen and active politician, invited the five newly elected members of the lower house to his store for the purpose of coming to some agreement as to what Tucson should try to bring home from the coming session. The conclusion was to give up the fight for the capital once for all and reach for some other good plum. There had been talk recently of the founding of a state university, and Mr. Mansfeld was of the opinion that Pima County should put in for that. Others thought it would be desirable to get the territorial prison away from Yuma, and there was some talk of securing the insane asylum. The consensus of opinion was, though, that the proposed university was the best thing in prospect at that time.

The real democracy had not yet spoken, however. Soon after the five representatives had left for their long, hard journey to Prescott, a mass meeting of the citizens of the Old Pueblo was called. It was then and there clamorously decided that Tucson did not want a university, but did want and was determined to have the capital. As an evidence of their faith and strong desire, they raised a "sack" of $4,000 and sent the redoubtable Fred Maish to Prescott with it.

When Mr. Maish arrived at the capital he invited the five members of the lower house to his room in what was referred to as a hotel—Prescott's best. Maish occupied the only chair in the apartment. His guests he seated on the bed. Mr. Selim M. Franklin, the youngest man in the Pima delegation, and the man who triumphantly carried the act creating the university through the lower house, gave the writer a spirited account of the matter which is here summarized.

Maish told them that his fellow townsmen did not want the university but did crave to have the capital returned. He said if there were any who doubted, he had with him a sum of $4,000 as a solid argument to the contrary, and even went so far as to say that if there were still stubborn and unreasonable men who questioned his logic that additional funds would be forthcoming. It was in vain that the five Pima County statesmen made known to Mr. Maish that seven members of the council—a majority of that body—had entered into a compact to oppose the removal of the capital. They told him, moreover, that the member of the upper house from Yavapai County would send to some other realm—better or worse than earth—any member of the combination in the council who dared to break the promises he had entered into.

All of this availed not at all; with a wave of his hand Mr. Maish brushed away all arguments and obstacles:

"Boys," said he, "there is another 'sack' where this one came from and another one after that if we need it. Tucson will get the capital all right. I will attend to that. Here are some bills. Go out and treat the boys and set the good work going."

With this, he handed a twenty dollar bill to each member. They took it and went their way. A jolly time was had; old animosities disappeared under the mellowing influence of drink and under the magic spell of good will that had been evoked the rules were suspended in the lower house and a bill was passed to take the capital back to Tucson. But as the weeks

SILVER LAKE MILL
Erected by James Lee, 1862

went by and his bag of money dwindled, Maish found the members of the upper house as obdurate as ever. Mr. C. C. Stephens, who was the member of the council from the south, did not dare to break his agreement with his colleagues, and as a result, when the legislators returned to Tucson with nothing to show but the gift of the university, a mass meeting of enraged citizens was called and Mr. Stephens was denounced in the most colorful pioneer language of the day.

The legislature had made provision for twenty-five thousand dollars to support the university, but before this could become available, forty acres of unencumbered land near Tucson must be conveyed to the territory as a location for the university. No one wanted the university, so no land was offered to the regents. At last, late in 1886, when the appropriation from the territory was about to lapse, Mr. Charles Straus, Superintendent of Public Instruction, took steps to save the day. Through his efforts, three leading gamblers of the town—the men of real weight at that time—came to the front and bought one hundred and sixty acres where the university now stands. Forty acres of this they donated for university purposes. And thus "sweetness and light" came to the Old Pueblo.

A Look Around

It is time to bring this story to a close. With a telegraph line, a through railroad, a state university and daily papers, the antiquarian need pursue his task no farther. From 1885 on, he who will may read the record of Tucson's progress. I must not close, though, without a word to the tourist who desires to orient himself with reference to ancient Tucson.

Let the stranger within our gates go to the "Wishing Shrine" at the south end of Main street. And, first, it should be noted that, while the "Wishing Shrine" has been a landmark for scarcely more than a generation, it is now—to the young and the curious at least—the best known spot in town. Of the many accounts concerning its origin the following related by Mrs. C. B. Perkins is perhaps as good as any, for they all agree in general.

A certain young man, a sheep herder, Juan Oliveras, worked on a ranch for Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Mrs. Perkins' father, in the late seventies. With him lived his wife and his father-in-law. In Tucson lived Juan's mother-in-law with whom he had become infatuated. One day he came to town, and quite unsuspectingly his father-in-law came into Tucson a little later and

surprised his wife and Juan in their guilty love. A quarrel ensued, the young man was thrown out of the house. Seizing an axe, the older man killed the youth, and then fled to Sonora. It was the Mexican custom to bury a man who came to such a violent end without ceremony where he fell. His grave was a most dismal and wretched spot when first seen by the writer fourteen years ago. It was somewhat off the road in a tangled, ugly thicket of grass, grease-wood and catsclaw—with stones, tin-cans and refuse all about. But one could not pass the place however dark the night or late the hour, without seeing lighted candles flickering there. And so it had been for a full generation. Some pious Mexican woman had from the first placed candles on the grave of this lost man, with devout prayers for his salvation. For many years now young girls in town and sentimental college students have made wishes and then placed candles on the shrine, a tradition having gradually grown up that if one would make a wish, and set lighted candles on the grave, her wish would come true—provided the candles did not go out before morning.

Standing, then, at this romantic spot, facing north on Main street, let the stranger look about. Just in front of him, on the west side of the street was the fine flour-mill of Mr. W. E. Scott, built in the early seventies. Next to this, now 264-6 Main Street, was the home of Mr. Scott. Opposite Mr. Scott's residence at the corner of Main and McCormick Streets was the Governor's Mansion, now demolished. Near here, at 219 Main, still stands the house of Sabino Otero, a prominent Mexican pioneer. Across the street, was Bill Oury's home, in a building now occupied by the Pima Lumber Company If one will continue straight north on Main Street past Congress (the center of business in 1870) and Ott and Pennington, he will come to Alameda Street, where the gate of the walled city opened to the fields and the old mission across the river a mile to the south and west. No. 141 Main Street was the home of Mr. E. N. Fish in the sixties. This property ran as far south as Alameda Street —and the large lot extending back on Alameda Street was Mr. Fish's carriage house and corral. Hiram Steven's home was the property from 153-163 Main; and Mr. Stevens also owned all that is now the Knox Corbett house and lawn.

Let us suppose that the sight-seer is still standing at the "Wishing Shrine" and has seen all that I have just described only in his mind's eye. I want him now to face west, so that I may give him a more extended view of things as they were. Down the bank a hundred feet to the west was a perennial and imme-

COAT OF ARMS OF THE CITY OF TUCSON

This seal was first suggested and sketched by Fire Chief Joseph A. Roberts;
Reverend Victor Stoner, Chancellor of the Diocese of Tucson, supplied historic data
concerning the respective emblems of the Franciscan and Jesuit orders,
and Captain Donald W. Page executed and copyrighted the design as it now appears.
For full explanation of the interwoven symbols, see Appendix.

morial spring—the chief water supply of the village for generations. There is now a well at this spot surrounded by a corral. A hundred years ago if one had lifted his eyes and looked straight off to Sentinel Peak and the Desert Laboratory, on the slope of Tumamoc Hill, he would have seen no river bed and crumbling bank but instead a widespread low valley covered with mesquite and sacaton grass as high as a man's head. When the river was at flood the whole valley was covered with water, and at all times little acequias ran rippling through the valley with stretches of verdure wherever they flowed.

Of old, the main road to Nogales and the south was by Main Street. If one could go directly south two or three miles he would come to the ancient Mexican east and west road. Turning west on this road one crosses the river bed, and in so doing passes on his left the site of the Silver Lake Mill—the first one established in Tucson. To the north and east of the main road into Tucson, which one strikes at the Mission Swimming Pool, is the Old Silver Lake location. A dam was erected some time in the eighties running eastward from the toe of Sentinel Peak. There were boats on this lake and it was a popular resort for several years. A little canal led water to the Old Warner Mill (the second one in Tucson) the ruins of which still stand at the foot of "A" Mountain. One hundred feet to the south of this mill are two or three big holes in the black rock, where Papago women used to grind their corn.

From Warner's Mill, an old Mexican road runs east across the valley. A thousand feet east of the mill, and two hundred feet south of the road is the first and oldest date palm in Arizona. It is a seedling tree—a male—so has borne no fruit. Standing erect and distinct as it does it is an interesting speciman to the horticulturalist. A little farther to the east, just off the road to the north, are the ruins of the old adobe mission church, described in Chapter I, and pictured in Bartlett's Sketch of 1852. Here can be traced the foundations of the first manual training school in Arizona, where the priests taught the Indian boys various manual arts as far back as the time of Garces—possibly in Jesuit times.

Sources of Information

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The Explanation of Tucson's Coat of Arms

In this seal nine symbols are interwoven. The design represents chronologically the history of the ancient pueblo of Tucson. The period of the Spanish Conquest is indicated by the Pillars of Hercules; the period of Mexican domination is typified by the Mexican Eagle; the sovereignty of the United States is represented by the American Eagle; and the epoch of Statehood is symbolized by the Star of Arizona.

The minor epochs of Tucson's history are—the era of Christianization, represented by the arms of the Society of Jesus against a blue background of hope; the progress of religion under the Franciscans represented by the arms of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi against a green background typifying the development of agriculture; the period of the Presidio, represented by a wall, over-topped by a black hill against a red background, indicative of the Apache warfare of that time; and, finally, the brief space of Confederate occupation, represented by the battle flag of the Confederacy against a white background typifying the peace that followed the Civil War. The colors in the background have a two-fold significance; for they represent the national colors of both the United States and Mexico—red, white and blue, and red, white and green.

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